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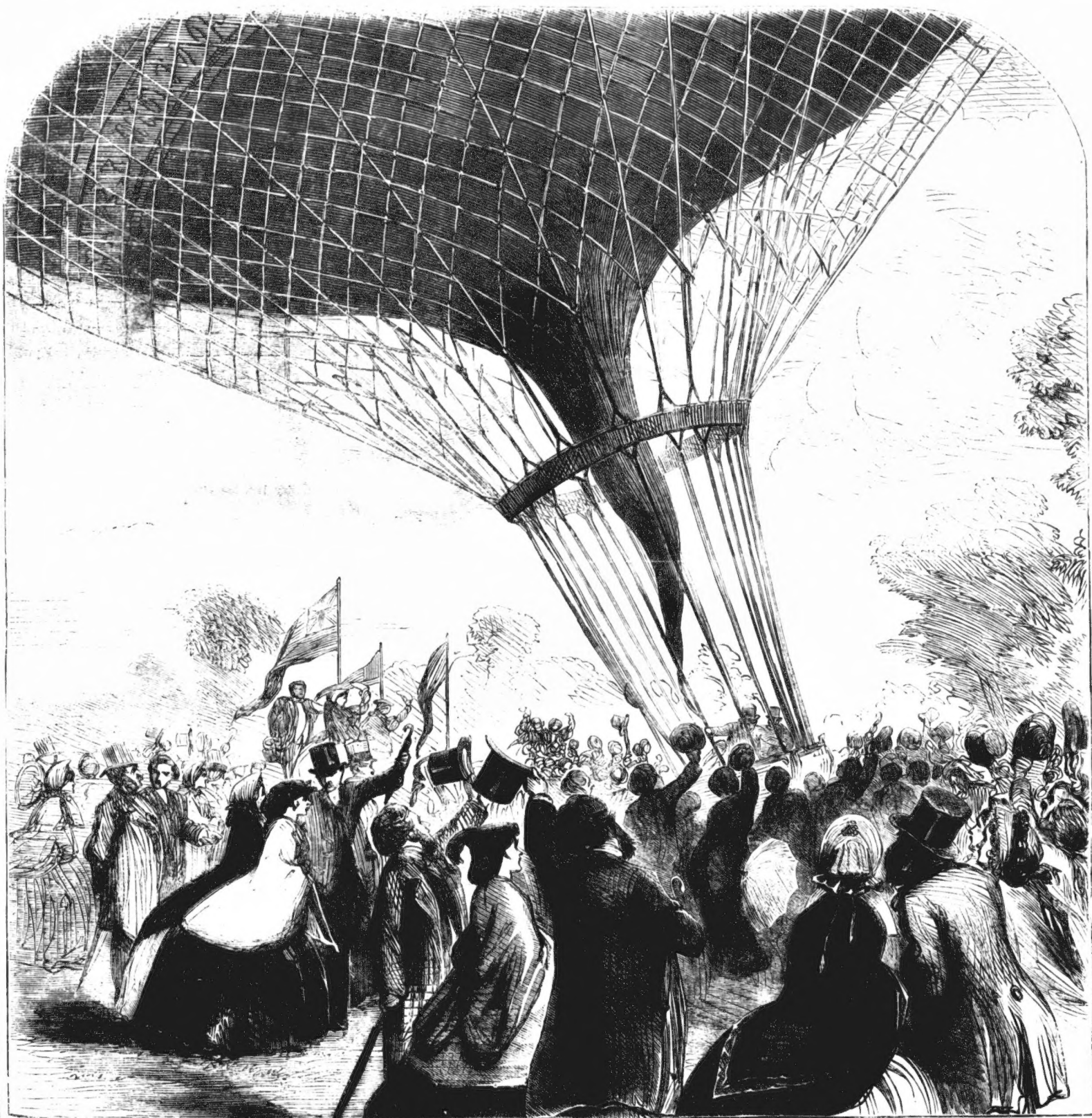
THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.



No. 42.—VOL. I.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 26, 1862.

ONE PENNY



SCIENTIFIC BALLOON ASCENT AT WOLVERHAMPTON. (See page 663)

Home News.

Provincial News.

A MEETING has been held at the rooms of the Architectural Society, George-street, Hanover-square, for the purpose of inaugurating a new society, to be called the Society of Sculptors of England. Mr. James Edmeston presided, and resolutions for carrying out the object in view were proposed and carried.

The Lord Chancellor has just made an order under the new Bankruptcy Act, releasing the Commissioners of the late Insolvent Debtors' Court from their attendance. The order was made on Saturday. The offices are open, and business going on. One of the courts could be profitably used with one Commissioner for small cases in bankruptcy. The buildings are vested in the Commissioners of Public Works, and can be appropriated to any purpose the Lord Chancellor may order. The select committee have made their report on the fees to be paid to the officers of the late court, and recommended employment or payment to the officers not retained in the Court of Bankruptcy. All the jurisdiction powers and authorities of the late court are vested in the Court of Bankruptcy.

On Saturday was published an official statement of the receipts and payments on account of the Superior Courts of Law (Free Court) from the passing of the Act 15 and 16 Vic., c. 73, to the 31st of December, 1861. The gross receipts had been £343,895 14s. 1d., and the payments £218,517 8s. 3d., being an excess of receipts over payments of £125,378 5s. 10d.

An inquest was held on Saturday, by Dr. Lankester, at the Bank of England Tavern, Paddington, on the body of Alfred Glover, aged fifty-two, a carpenter, who fell down in a fit of apoplexy on Wednesday night, and died shortly afterwards. It was supposed at first that the deceased was drunk, and the police were about to remove him to the station on a stretcher, but upon his wife hearing of the occurrence, she declared he was not intoxicated, and he was then carried to St. Mary's Hospital, where he died. Verdict, "Death from apoplexy."

The prices of wheat and bread in the metropolis are from 8d. to 10d. of household ditto, 7d. to 7½d. Some bakers are selling from 6½d. per 4lb. loaf, weighed on delivery.

We believe that there is no truth in the rumour mentioned by our contemporaries, as to the Dean of Westminster being the probable Primat of Ireland. Nothing, we believe, is decided on the matter, but an Irish bishop, will, no doubt, succeed to the Primacy, and the Bishop of Down and Connor is named as the most likely to be translated.

Information has been received by the police that Mrs. Mellon (Miss Woodgar) of the Adelphi Theatre, has been plundered of a quantity of costly jewels by some expert thief, who contrived to get a black leather bag off the lady's arm as she was proceeding from the theatre to her residence at Chelsea, in which were the jewels in question and other valuable articles, and a reward of £20 offered.

ALARMING AND DESTRUCTIVE FIRES.—On Sunday morning, about half-past two o'clock, a fire, nearly attended with loss of life, occurred in the premises of Mr. G. White, upholsterer, &c., 21, Finsbury-street, St. Luke's. The discovery was made by a policeman, who raised an alarm, and sent off for the escapes and engines. At that time a female lodger, who had been confined only a few days, was lying in bed, and she was obliged to be taken out of the building to avoid being suffocated. The engines were soon in attendance, as well as the escapes. A good supply of water was obtained, and the engines were set to work, and the flames were extinguished, but not until the workshop was burnt out and the bed destroyed. The contents were insured in the General Fire Office. As soon as the fire was extinguished, Mr. Cole, one of the firemen, carried the poor creature back to her lodgings. About four o'clock on Sunday morning, a fire broke out in the premises of Mrs. Neve, No. 6, Pavé street, Tower-street, Southwark. It commenced on the first floor, and was not extinguished until considerable damage was done. The sufferer was uninsured. A fire engine took place in the premises occupied by Mrs. Mary Denny, No. 3, Romney-place, Horse-ferry-road. The house was full of sleepers at the time, and they had great difficulty in escaping. The flames having attended, the flames were extinguished; much damage was done. This sufferer was also uninsured. A fire engine took place in the extensive premises of Mr. C. H. Limbrey, a shoemaker, No. 8, Bedford-row, Watlington-road. When the alarm was given, the proprietor and three of his men were in their beds, and to save their lives, they were obliged to fly to one of the doors and rush across the leads at the back of the house; considerable damage done. The loss will fall upon the Phoenix Fire Office.

A religious service took place on Wednesday last in Westminster Abbey, to celebrate the departure of the interesting mission, the death of the bishop and his coadjutors. The appointment of the bishop and his coadjutors, it will be remembered, in an application of the King of Spain to our Queen and the Archbishop of Canterbury more than a year ago. Her Majesty has been pleased to accept the office of patron to the son of the King at the baptism of the infant Prince, which is to be the first official act of the Bishop on his arrival. The mission staff will at first consist of the bishop and three clergymen, one of whom has already gone out by way of British Columbia in charge of the female emigrants on board the "Tynemouth." There is a large attendance at the Wednesday service.

ROYAL ASYLUM OF ST. ANN'S SOCIETY.—A grand fancy bazaar, under distinguished patronage, was opened, on Monday, at Willis's Rooms, St. James's, in aid of the funds of this valuable institution. The bazaar is under the special patronage of her Majesty, the Duchess Mecklenburg-Strelitz, her Royal Highness the Princess Mary Adelaide, and a long list of the nobility. The room has been decorated with great taste for the occasion, and stalls, at which many fashionable ladies presided, presented an elegant and attractive appearance, and the various articles which they were richly stored, when offered under such aristocratic patronage, found a list of willing purchasers. There was a good attendance on Monday, and the most favourable results as regards the funds of the institution, are anticipated from its continuance on Tuesday. The Royal Asylum of St. Ann's Society was originally established for the support and education of orphan and other neglected children of parents once in prosperity, and has always occupied a high place among the charitable institutions of the great metropolis.

ENGLISH TRAVELLERS IN SWITZERLAND.—A correspondent writes from Box makes the following observations:—Last year, in a made most judicious observations on English travellers abroad, but they were very far from doing much good, for the stranger and the Englishman are quite destroying the beauty of the scene and the beauty of the mind by appearing, in oak-leaved wreaths made of gold, and in the latest fashions and noisiness, as if preparing for a lion's head wash. When come with beads of all colours only to be compared to those of a London-major in France, where they are handsome and picturesque, but here reverend divines and elderly gentlemen, whose duty it is to fall gracefully from age, being no longer silly, and like ill-made bushes, although not half so useful, persist in doing them. The females bring to the table d'hôte dressing cases with frilly, saying that the wine is acid, and the brandy water strongly recommended. Now, if you could notice in a traveller's paper those strange acts, and take away from English travellers the respectability portion of English travellers.

THE CROPS IN THE MIDLAND COUNTIES.—Although a very large proportion of the hay has been got in satisfactorily, up to the commencement of this present week a considerable breadth of land was either uncut or unstacked. Some has been got badly in consequence of the variable weather, but some, by dint of hard work and management, has been secured in good condition. Wheat looks tolerably well, but a continuation of the showery weather prevents its maturing. Barley and oats are in pretty fair condition, though in some districts thinness is spoken of as regards the latter. Beans and field peas grow strong, but should the present weather continue, they will be late. There is more than an average yield of garden fruits, and apples, pears, and plums promise well. We may add that this is an excellent year for walnuts and hard fruits.—*Derbyshire Courier.*

DISTRESSING ACCIDENT.—A melancholy occurrence took place near Avon-street, St. Philip's, Bristol, on Saturday evening last, resulting in the death of two young men, and narrow escape of two others. It appears that about six o'clock on Saturday evening nine young men, in the employ of Messrs. Burr and Taylor, silk mercers and drapers, of Wine-street, engaged two light boats at Bristol-bridge, for the purpose of having a row up the river. They started for Hanham, which they reached without any accident occurring. They left there for home shortly after eight o'clock, and rowed down the river as far as the railway bridge over the Float. At this spot the deplorable occurrence took place. Five of the young men were in one boat, and the remainder, named respectively George Frowd, W. S. Bloxsome, William Cottrell, and Edgar George Baskerville, were in the other. The Gondola—that in which the above-named men were—being lighter than the other boat, had the lead, and appeared to go along quite safely. When the accident occurred one of them was standing up in her steering, when by some means or other the tiller rope either slipped or broke, which caused him to fall on one side, when the boat immediately capsized, turning bottom upwards. The consequence was that all four were thrown into the water, and had to depend entirely on their own resources to save themselves, unless some assistance could come. Frowd and Bloxsome could swim, but unfortunately Cottrell and Baskerville could not, and after rising twice the latter sunk to rise no more alive. The other boat, with the five in it, was behind at the time, and immediately did all in their power to save the drowning men, and succeeded in getting Bloxsome and Frowd into their boat. They also looked about for the other two, but could not see them anywhere, and they were at last obliged to row on without them. A vigilant search was afterwards made for the bodies of the missing men, and in about half an hour they were recovered and brought ashore. A medical gentleman was quickly on the spot, but could, of course, render no assistance, as the vital spark had fled in each case. Baskerville was twenty and Cottrell twenty-four years of age. The bodies await a coroner's inquest.

THE MURDER IN GLASGOW.—The thick veil of obscurity which has so long covered the murder of Jessie Macpherson seems now to be all but withdrawn. One of the most important links of evidence was on Thursday obtained, which, it is anticipated, will go far to establish the guilt of the unhappy Mrs. McLachlan. Late on Thursday night, Captain McCall received a telegram from Superintendent Dewar, of the Hamilton district of Lanarkshire police, which stated that, after a very laborious search, he and his officers had found, in a field about a mile and a half from Hamilton, a brown merino dress and two petticoats, much torn and saturated with blood. From the description given of these articles, there is no doubt entertained that they belonged to the female prisoner McLachlan, and that they are the garments worn by her on the night on which Jessie Macpherson was brutally murdered. The clothes will, in due course, be brought down to Glasgow by Mr. Dewar for identification, but, as already stated, there is evidence amounting to certainty which leads us to say that they will be found to belong to the miserable woman. We understand, also, that she has been traced to have been at a point very near the place where the clothing was found, so that her connection with them will in like manner be established. As reported yesterday, old Mr. Fleming has been released from custody, and Mrs. McLachlan has been committed for trial.

THE DIVINING ROD.—As some gendarmes were passing through the Forest of Bondy in Sunday night last, they were surprised to see the light of a torch at some distance among the trees, and on approaching the spot, they perceived two men and three women. The men were digging away near the foot of an oak, and one of the women held in her hand a hazel rod, such as is used by persons who pretend to find hidden treasures. They at once arrested the whole party, and took them to the nearest commissary of police, who examined the prisoners, and elicited the following facts:—Some time ago, a man named B., who had been condemned to several years' imprisonment, and is now undergoing his sentence, asked and obtained permission to marry a woman with whom he had cohabited. He was accordingly taken out of prison for the purpose, and availed himself of that opportunity to slip a paper into the hand of a wine-shop waiter, named R., stating that he had hidden 300,000fr., at a certain spot in the Forest of Bondy, which he could not very distinctly indicate at that time, but, respecting him to look for it, and promising him a good share if he found it. He and two women who were in his confidence sought for the money in vain, when a man named G., to whom they communicated their secret, said that he knew a woman who had already discovered several hidden treasures by means of the divining rod. Her assistance was immediately procured, and they all five went to the Forest to try her skill. One of the women, who had no faith in the silly powers, determined to test them by concealing several pieces of gold under some moss, and asking her to try the virtues of her rod on the spot. The woman did so, and declared that there was nothing there. Her failure, in this instance, however, did not shake the confidence of the others, and she continued her search till the gendarmes put an end to it.

The King of Holland has visited Frankfurt *incognito*. The Earl and Countess of Minto from London, General Seymour from Darmstadt, and the Baroness Stieglitz from Vichy, have arrived at the Hotel Mirabeau Paris.

An accident occurred at the Grand Opera, Paris, during the last representation of "Gull name Tell," to M. Chapuy, first dancer. A trap on which he alighted, after bounding aloft, gave way beneath him. M. Chapuy received some injuries in the legs, and the ballet could not be continued.

At the Lambeth police-court William Knight, with several aliases, and got up like a foreigner, was charged with the following robbery.—Mrs. Twitche deposited that the prisoner, who was walking with a well-dressed female, stopped her, and asked the road to Parliament-street. Believing that he was a foreigner, she took some pains to explain the road, and while doing so the female came so close to her that it excited her suspicions. As they were about to walk away, witness put her hand in her pocket, and missed her purse. She accused them of the robbery. The prisoner stepped, and he pretended to pick it up, and presented it to her. A policeman just then came up, and the prisoner and woman ran off. The prisoner was taken, but the woman escaped. The prisoner was committed for trial.

PROCEEDINGS OF PARLIAMENT.—It is understood that Parliament will be prorogued on Saturday, the 2nd August, on Thursday, the 5th of Inst.

THE FEDERAL CAUSE.

As the tide of fortune continues with undeviating violence to press on the North, the North can afford to become more and more apprehensive of the result of the contest. No clear evidence can be shown how impolitic it would be at such a time as the present to attempt to mediate between the contending Powers.

The Federal Government must have become painfully conscious during the past few weeks that the time is rapidly approaching when the great European Powers can no longer remain absolutely impulsive. We doubt not that the recognition of the independence of the Southern Confederacy would be regarded by the American population north of the Potomac as an act of hostility. It is needless to say that such recognition would imply no breach of neutrality, since our relations to the South as well as to the North would remain unchanged. But if the recognition of the independence of the South would give offence to those who still persist in maintaining that it is in a state of rebellion, still more likely would a proposal to give umbrage which could only be based on the foundation that the Southern Confederacy should receive the most ample recognition from the North.

Nothing will satisfy the South but independence. For this it has led at every pore. It is not likely, then, that it would make any concessions for foreign mediators when it has not started a jot through fear of the mighty armaments despatched against it by its deadly foe.

But the North fights for conquest. Will it be satisfied with less? Eventually it must be. But when? So soon as the hopelessness of its schemes of conquest becomes apparent.

Already a conviction is beginning to dawn upon the Northern population that the effort will be a vain one to subjugate the South. It is the defeat of a great army, not the voice of a mediator, which has given birth to this conviction.

The lesson has been a bitter one, but its fruits would not be the more quickly ripened if some one gratuitously expatiated on its bitterness, and pointed out with logical conclusiveness the course it indicates.

INTERNATIONAL ENTERTAINMENT AT THE GUILDHALL.

The company invited to this grand entertainment, which has cost the corporation of London an almost fabulous sum, included her Majesty's judges, the Members of the House of Lords, the foreign Ministers, the Members of the House of Commons, the Commissioners of the Great Exhibition of 1861, the royal and other Commissioners of the International Exhibition of 1862, with the foreign Commissioners, the Committees of Advice, the Juries, and all the distinguished foreigners now in England, as well as the principal merchants, bankers, and representatives of commerce. The invitations sent to the Commissioners of the International Exhibition alone numbered between 800 and 900. The absence of the Pasha of Egypt, who was engaged to dine with the Duke of Sutherland, was the chief, if not the only, disappointment of the evening. The guests, whom the Lord Mayor received with his well-known courtesy—though, we regret to say, with evident signs of physical fatigue—would take a column or more of our paper to name. Mr. Deputy Harrison, the chairman of the International Committee, relieved his Lordship of a portion of his ceremonial duties, and was indefatigable in carrying into effect that welcome which was held forth in cushioned words outside the ancient building. Everybody, in fact, who had been entrusted with a responsible part in the affair discharged his duties cordially and well. The supper was provided by the Messrs. Staples, of the Albion Tavern, and was of the highest excellence. After the concert, the floor of the Guildhall was quickly rearranged for dancing; but a more agreeable space for that purpose was found in the enclosed area of the courtyard.

The Lord Mayor, whose heavy weight of duty would, ere this, have broken down any younger man, yielded at a somewhat early period of the evening to a weariness which he could not hide. He quitted the Guildhall as soon as the time of expect arrivals had past. We learn with gratification that his Lordship is on the point of besting a wise retreat from his cares of office, and of recruiting his strength by a tour in Germany.

A RATE IN AID.

As there remains but little time to do anything, the question "what is to be done?" must be promptly answered. There can be no real necessity for putting off the question and answer to the eleven-th hour of an autumn session. As the rates are undoubtedly falling, and the pressure upon them in many of these unions, there must be some further resource. We will assume—for we must assume—that the subscriptions now in progress will be sadly inadequate. This is not an age of miracles, and what is the trifling sum of leaves and fishes offered by the good people at the Mansion House or Bridge-water House to 140,000 starving persons?

The choice lies between putting into force the old "rate in aid," by which the neighbouring parishes, and of course, the neighbouring unions, might be made to contribute, and loans raised upon rates. There is much to be said for, much to be said against, both these expedients.

The "rate in aid" might require the assistance of Parliament to vivify the dormant letter of the statute; and it is presumed that there must be serious objections to a law which has been suffered to pass out of use.

Perhaps it has been thought unwise to do anything which might drive the richer people further away from the neighbourhood of the poor, and to extend to a wider area the evils of a poor and high-rated parish. The power of borrowing on the rates for the poor, of course, is a precedent only to be justified by necessity. One of these two alternatives, it seems, must be chosen.

If Parliament will not take the responsibility of deciding, and if it will not be spared a November session, it can provide for the emergency by giving extraordinary powers to the Poor Law Board, with the usual courts against it.

ARRIVAL OF THE JAPANESE AMBASSADOR IN PRUSSIA.—The Japanese Ambassadors, who arrived in Berlin from Holland on Friday night. They were received by several high officials, amongst whom was Count Eulenburg, who was chief of the Prussian expedition lately returned from the East. In the neighbourhood of the railway station thousands of people had assembled, waiting the arrival of their excellencies, and as soon as they appeared they were received with a loud cheer, at which the Eastern visitors seemed much pleased. On their arrival at Luesdorf, on Thursday, they were received by a commission sent thither by the King for that purpose, and were informed that his Majesty was much pleased of the prospect of a closer union between Japan and Prussia, and hoped that results favourable to both countries would ensue. The principal ambassador expressed his thanks for the reception they had met with, the speeches on either side being translated by an interpreter. Soon after four o'clock the embassy arrived in Berlin, and after a short rest they proceeded across the Rhine in carriages, to visit the cathedral of Cologne, greeted on every side by immense crowds of people. Their excellencies ascended the staircase in the building, and when they appeared in the upper gallery over the south gate the immense crowd which filled the square in front cheered most lustily—a compliment which their excellencies returned by waving their hands and faces with great animation. On returning to their hotel, they were immediately in communication with many of the guests, amongst whom the English, French, and Dutch languages as the means of communication, and wrote their addresses on cards, which they presented to the ladies who had begged for such mementoes.

VISIT OF THE KING OF SWEDEN TO COPENHAGEN.

THE King of Sweden, attended by a numerous suite, arrived on a visit to the King of Denmark at Elsinore on the 17th inst. The King of Sweden, who was attired in the Danish uniform, met with a reception by the people of the most cordial character. A fete was given to the Kings of Sweden and Denmark on the 19th of a very brilliant character, heightened by favourable weather. Their Majesties entered at two o'clock, and traversed the larger portion of the city. All the houses were splendidly decorated, and flowers were thrown from the windows. At four o'clock their Majesties, accompanied by the princes and a numerous suite, repaired on foot from the Castle to the banquet prepared by the corporation at the Exchange. The entire National Guard paraded. At eight in the evening the various guilds, the students, and different associations went in procession, carrying banners, to the Castle. Immense crowds thronged the streets, and the enthusiasm of the people was indescribable. Upon the arrival of the procession at the Castle the two Kings appeared hand in hand upon the Castle balcony. The King of Sweden left Elsinore for his own country at noon on Monday.

We here present our readers with a portrait of his Majesty the King of Sweden. His father, Joseph Francis Oscar I., King of Sweden and Norway, and Duke of Ostrogothen, it will be remembered, died at Stockholm, on the 8th of July, 1860, after an illness which had incapacitated him from taking any active part in the government of his kingdom since the month of September, 1857. His eldest son, the present King, then Prince Charles Louis Eugene of Sweden, and the Duke of Scania, was appointed Regent, by Royal ordinance, in 1857, when his father's illness rendered necessary the abnegation of royal authority. Charles XV. has therefore had considerable experience in the



THE KING OF SWEDEN.

duties and cares of royalty. The dynasty of Bernadotte having now reached its third generation, may well be supposed to be as firmly established on the throne of Sweden as that of any other dynasty on the Continent. The mother of the present King is Josephine Maximiliana Eugenie, daughter of Eugene Beaulieu, Duke of Leuchtenberg, and cousin to the present Emperor of the French, Napoleon III. Charles XV. was born May 3, 1826, and married June 19, 1859, the Princess Wilhelmina Frederica Maximilian Anne Louisa, Princess of Orange, daughter of William Frederick, Prince of the Netherlands, by whom he has one child, a daughter, the Princess Louisa Josephine Eugenie, born October 31, 1851. His Majesty acceded to the throne on the death of his father on the 8th of July, 1860. He is represented as a man of strong determination of will, and deeply interested in railway and other projects likely to promote the material welfare of his kingdom. Our portrait is after a photograph, and may be relied on as giving a faithful representation of his Majesty. His Majesty's brother, Prince Oscar, will be remembered, was present at the opening of our International Exhibition this year.

AN AGED VEGETARIAN.—The *Wanderer* of Vienna states that the new cure of Nesseldorf, in Moravia, having been informed that a peasant was residing in the neighbouring village of Goslada who was in the 147th year of his age, sent an invitation to him to dine with him, and at the same time sent a sort of rustic gig to convey him. The old man accepted the invitation to dinner, but refused the carriage, and walked to the cure's house. He stated that he had passed the greatest part of his life in the cottage which he then occupied, that he had been a soldier, and had re-married at the age of 90. Milk and potatoes had been, he said, his chief nourishment for many years.



THE KING OF SWEDEN PROCEEDING TO COPENHAGEN.



The Court.

Her Majesty left Windsor on Tuesday, at 6.50 p.m., and arrived at Balmoral on Wednesday.

A letter from Darmstadt of the 15th says:—"The Prince and Princess Louis have not appeared much in public since their arrival, but to-day they were present on horseback at the cavalry races. Her Royal Highness won all hearts by her amiability of manner, and by the graceful management of her steed."

Addresses of congratulation to the Queen on the occasion of the marriage of the Princess Alice with Prince Louis of Hesse have been presented, and graciously received by her Majesty, from the mayor, aldermen, and citizens of Norwich; the mayor, aldermen, and burgesses of Leeds, Sheffield, and Portsmouth; the congregation of Bath-lane church, Newcastle-upon-Tyne; and the vestry of the parish of Paddington. The following extract from the Norwich address will find an echo throughout the land: "The unflinching attention, the deep sympathy, the thoughtful consideration and noble devotion, which her Royal Highness displayed in the hour of your Majesty's most overwhelming affliction have secured for her Royal Highness not only cordial approbation but also the sincere attachment of all your Majesty's subjects."

ARRIVAL OF THE QUEEN AT WINDSOR CASTLE.—Her Majesty the Queen arrived at Windsor by special train, on the Great Western line, precisely at thirty minutes past one o'clock on Monday afternoon. Her Majesty was accompanied by his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, and the other members of the Royal Family, and attended by the ladies and gentlemen of the Court. The royal train was under the charge of Mr. Griffiths, locomotive superintendent, and Mr. Kelly, traffic manager. Her Majesty had on this occasion dispensed with her long black veil, in which she was shrouded on her former visit, and, although looking somewhat pale, appeared to be in the enjoyment of excellent health. Her Majesty proceeded through the town to the Castle, with the blinds of the carriage closely drawn down. The stay of the Court at Balmoral will not exceed a month, when her Majesty will return to Windsor for a few days, and then proceed to Germany.

ARMY, NAVY, AND VOLUNTEERS.

WE learn from the *Curragh* that the wet weather has sadly impeded the movements, and inflicted much hardship on the cavalry regiments under canvas. The first review of the season was announced to take place on Wednesday, at which his Excellency the Lord-Lieutenant had signified his intention of being present. The extreme inclemency of the weather, however, obliged the authorities to postpone the review. The force in camp and at Newbridge now numbers about 10,000 men.

NEW ARMY WARRANT.—A new warrant has been issued tending to improve the position of regimental majors appointed to the staff. Hitherto an officer of this rank on joining the staff was compelled to give up his regimental place, and at the end of his staff service he probably found himself a major on half-pay, without a prospect of resuming duty with a regiment, and, in point of fact, brought to a standstill in his professional career. This is now changed. Instead of being placed on half-pay on becoming a staff officer, a major is, in a manner, seconded, retaining his position in his regiment, though not benefitting in a pecuniary sense. If he has served his five years on the staff as assistant-adjutant, or assistant-quarter-master-general, or military secretary, he is entitled to the brevet rank of lieutenant-colonel. Should he be brevet lieutenant-colonel before or during the period of his staff service, he shall reckon the time as a qualification for the rank of colonel. All this is right and proper, and is in fact but an extension to the rank of major of the advantages hitherto enjoyed by a lieutenant-colonel on the staff. But why rest here? There are other officers of an inferior rank employed in responsible positions on the staff to whom the new regulation should be applied with just as much reason. If a captain serves to the satisfaction of his superiors for five years as deputy assistant-adjutant or quarter-master-general, or as major of brigade, he surely has as fair a claim to a step of rank as a major serving in the higher position. An adjutant of a depot battalion is held to be qualified himself for a majority after six years' service; whereas a brigade-major, who in effect fills the more responsible position of adjutant to a brigade, is not entitled to any such reward. Although he is formally made senior to all the captains around him while he is major of brigade, he subsides into a junior position, on rejoining his corps, and, in fact, is degraded. If there be reason in this warrant there is surely reason in extending it further. Making it apply to captains on the staff would be but the logical consequence of its present extension, and we trust that such a reasonable addition will shortly be engrained upon it.

THE HIMALAYA, iron screw troopship, Commander John Seaton, has arrived at Spithead from the Mediterranean. She brings home from Corfu, 1 lieutenant, 48 men, 8 women, and 12 children. From Gibraltar, Major-General Sir William and the Misses Codrington, Colonel Fane and Bruce, 14 officers on leave from various regiments, 9 ladies and 17 children, a few naval invalids, and distressed British subjects. Her passenger list includes Major O. Jolliffe, R.M.A., on passage to join headquarters; Lieutenant G. J. Anstruther (on promotion), Sub-Lieutenant T. P. Gordon; Lieutenant William Clarke (invalided); W. R. Cronin, master, R.N.; W. F. Tregidgo, assistant-master, R.N. (invalided); B. Gregory, assistant-surgeon (invalided); G. Lewis, assistant-engineer, &c. The ship came into harbour in the afternoon to discharge her passengers and stores.

THE OFFICERS, non-commissioned officers, and men comprising two batteries of the 13th Brigade Royal Field Artillery, returned from India, have disembarked from the *Silver Eagle* troopship at the Royal Arsenal. A considerable portion of the men of long service will be discharged.

THE STEAM SHIP *Mauritius*, 2,135 tons, James Smyth, commander, one of the fleet belonging to the East India and London Shipping Company, passed Plymouth on the 18th inst., for Madras and Calcutta direct. She had between 400 and 500 troops on board, composed principally of the Royal Artillery and Royal Horse Artillery. There was also a good complement of passengers and cargo.

THE CONDEMNED CONVICT, GILBERT.—The demeanour of the condemned convict, Gilbert, now under sentence of death for the barbarous murder of Miss Mary Hall, in Holmes-lane, Fording-bridge, on the 22nd ult., has undergone a marked change since his condemnation. He has entirely put off that cool, stolid indifference assumed by him during the trial, and even confession is looked upon as no improbable contingency.

THE BISHOP BURTON MURDER.—Outhbert Wray, who was a few days ago committed for trial charged with having murdered John Washington Jex, game-keeper, of Bishop Burton, in 1858, and also with having wounded a gamekeeper, named Mark Robinson, on the same occasion, was on Monday arraigned at York Assizes. The grand jury having ignored the bill charging him with murder, he was tried for wounding Robinson with intent to murder. Wray disappeared after the perpetration of the crime, and succeeded in evading the researches of the police until the 30th ult., when he was apprehended at Scarborough, where he was working as a brick-maker, under the name of Smith. The jury brought in a verdict of "Gilty of unlawfully wounding in resisting his apprehension," and the prisoner was sentenced to penal servitude for three years.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

* * Sketches of important passing events, new buildings, &c. calculated to interest the public, are respectfully solicited from our subscribers in all parts of the world. Send real name and address as voucher for the correctness of the sketch.

NOTICE TO PUBLISHERS.

Publishers will much oblige by forwarding to us the titles of forthcoming publications; and any books they may wish noticed should be sent early in the week, addressed to the Editor of the "Illustrated Weekly News," 12, York-street, Covent Garden, London, when they will be noticed in our next.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

* * THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS will be forwarded to any address free by post for one quarter on receipt of 2s. 2d. in postage stamps or otherwise.

AN INJURED ONE.—When a lady, to whom a gentleman has paid his addresses, has deceived him as to her age, we do not think an action for breach of promise could be maintained.

Z. Z.—Every member of the Royal Family bears the royal arms by special grant from the sovereign, with such difference as may be assigned to them. The present mode of difference is said to have been adopted in the time of Henry the Fourth. Anterior to this, various methods appear to have been in use; but none of them were regulated by any fixed rules.

T. DUTTON (LAMBETH).—Yes or no? The affirmative answer to "Did you get only one holiday?" is "Yes, only one;" not "No, only one," as is the vulgar habit. The reason is obvious. The answer may be given thus, "I got only one," which is affirmative. If "no" were legitimate for an affirmative answer, then "I got not only one" would be correct, which is an absurdity. It is a very common vulgarism to say "no" to "only" when you mean yes. "Have you only one sister?" "No." That means "yes" with many; "Yes, I have only one."

A. SCHNEIDER.—The seven wonders of the ancient world were—the Pyramids of Egypt, the Tomb of Mausolus, the King of Caria, the Temple of Diana at Ephesus, the Walls and Hanging Gardens of Babylon, the Statue of the Sun at Rhodes, the Statue of Jupiter Olympus, and the Pharos of Ptolemy Philadelphus, at Alexandria.

DEMLIN.—Promotion in the Indian army goes on by seniority and merit, not by purchase; and if a man's health enable him to remain there, he may eventually retire with a competence to enjoy the remainder of his days.

POISON.—Copper Kitchen Utensils. Certain substances have a very singular and marked action on copper. All fatty matters, vegetable acids, and even, under certain circumstances, a common salt. From this it will be seen that nearly all our aliments are liable to be contaminated and rendered poisonous by contact with copper vessels, for but very few articles of food lack fatty matter, a vegetable acid, or salt. A perfect coating of tin is the only safeguard in the use of copper or brass vessels.

A. BARNSTABLE.—The Crescent was the old symbol of Constantinople; the Turks took it with Constantinople. It is not a Mahometan emblem, but the emblem of the metropolis of the Greek Empire. The Eastern Empire is the moon, and the Western Empire the sun; and thus, according to some interpreters of prophecy, "When the sun is turned into darkness (that is, infidelity, religious indifference, science, &c.) and the moon into blood" (that is, war), the end of the Christian era is at hand.

S. S.—The battle of Moskow was fought on the 7th of September, 1812, that is to say, forty-three years ago but a day before the one that now occupies us—the successful assault upon Sebastopol.

H. M.—What is a gentleman? According to rules established in the Herald's-office, a person is entitled to the rank of gentleman, whatever may be his condition, or however disreputable of broad lands and ancestral homes, who can show a coat of arms for five generations.

THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.

SATURDAY, JULY 26, 1862.

THE statement that France and Russia have agreed on the conduct to be adopted by Italy is not flattering to the Government of Turin. When the semi-official dialect is translated into ordinary language, the proposition probably means that Lord Russell was well-informed when he asserted that the Russian Government deprecated any present attack upon Austria. The Italians are not likely to renounce the hope of recovering Venetia, but the good sense of which they have given so many proofs will guard them against adventurous enterprises for the promotion of French or Russian ambition. If it is true that Garibaldi meditates an uncalculated expedition to Greece, the Government will not countenance so gratuitous an interference in the concerns of a foreign country. The true history of the reported participation of Italy in the French invasion of Mexico was told by Mr. Layard on Tuesday last, in his answer to the absurd speech of Lord Robert Montagu. It seems that the English Government was requested to procure from Mexico a settlement of the claims of some Italian creditors. In reply, it was intimated that there were some obstacles to such a course, and that the King might, if he thought fit, send a representative of his own to watch over the interests of his subjects. Although no farther steps were taken, newsmongers in want of a bugbear took occasion to reveal a secret alliance between France and Italy for the conquest of Mexico. If an Italian contingent had really been sent to support the pretensions of an Austrian Archduke, the perversity of the proceeding would, for once, have been worthy of the theoretical intrigues of amateur statesmen. It is highly improbable that, with its finances to consolidate, and its army to organise, Italy should engage in any plan for the dismemberment of Turkey. The participation of Cavour in the Crimean war was a deliberate and well-judged experiment, but any attempt to solve or to complicate the Eastern question would be worse than a mere waste of resources, as it could not fail to alienate the good will of England. Notwithstanding the numerous reasons for sceptical indifference to the reports of French and Russian projects, it is possible that some plan may have been devised which may be dangerous to the future peace of Europe. An intervention in Turkey would be scarcely more purposeless than an invasion of Mexico, and only a year has elapsed since the French were with some difficulty persuaded to evacuate Syria. Whatever may be the real state of the case, it is the true policy of the English Government to trust in the continued operation of the same causes which have so often baffled ambitious combinations. War is, fortunately, expensive, and the finances of almost all the Continental States are embarrassed. Even Frenchmen are beginning to count the cost of glory, and to understand that the alliance best suited to their interests is that which precludes any hope of conquest. For England, the Eastern question, like questions in all other parts of the world, turns on the preservation of peace and the extension of commerce by the maintenance of order and the improvement of institutions. As no subject race in

Turkey is either prepared or qualified to take the place of the ruling tribe, it has been thought better to countenance and support the authority of the Sultan than to promote sedition and civil war among his subjects. The welfare of the whole community would not be promoted if French and Russian agents were contending for influence with each other, and with the Turkish Government, and an attempt to reconstruct the empire according to distinctions of nationality and religion would involve endless confusion. In adhering to a definite and consistent policy, the English Government has little reason to fear the designs of more restless and ambitious Powers. Simple and quiet systems have on their side all the accidents which defeat refined and remote plans of action.

If we compare one year with another, there is every reason to be satisfied with the progress made by our riflemen in the use of their weapon. Alterations last year in the selected ranges, and this year in the system of scoring, have made it impossible to test by perfectly accurate statistics, the advance in the skill displayed by the Volunteers. But it needs no nice comparison to show that those who represent the force at the annual trial of skill have been making rapid strides towards perfection. The distinguishing feature of this year is the marvellous precision which has been attained in the use of the small-bore rifles. In some contests, nothing less than the maximum possible score was of any avail, and a Volunteer who failed to make all bull's-eyes gave up his chance of a prize as altogether hopeless. At the same time, the improvement in the shooting with the regulation arm is only just perceptible, and the irrelevant title of the Gas-pipe is beginning to attach to the weapon which has superseded Brown Bess. It would be somewhat hasty to jump to the conclusion—as some have done—that the army ought at once to be supplied with fancy rifles; but one of the most important uses of the Wimbledon meeting would be lost if the results of the competition of rifles were not watched almost as carefully as the competition among those who use them. The chief, if not the only, obstacle to the general introduction of a superior arm is the expense, for the supposed fragility of first-rate rifles is by no means an insurmountable difficulty. But there is very little doubt that the Enfield is an admirable military weapon, quite as accurate as is necessary for all purposes of actual warfare, except skirmishing at extreme ranges or steady practice from behind walls or earthworks. This at least is the opinion which seems to prevail among the authorities, who have as yet steadily resisted the demand for more highly-finished weapons; and it is not an answer to say that a certain proportion of picked men among the Regulars and the Volunteers have acquired an amount of proficiency to which the regulation weapon altogether fails to do justice. Still, it would not be an unreasonable compromise to issue to men of proved skill, both in the Army and among the Volunteers, superior rifles which they have shown themselves capable of using with effect. The Wimbledon meeting has its lesson, too, for those who are needlessly anxious about the permanence of the Volunteer force, and it is one which we hope the Commission which is now investigating the subject will not omit to profit by. Whatever else may fail, the keenness of rifle competition shows itself proof against all weariness and discouragement. The taste for drill may, as some say, be flagging; the alacrity to furnish funds for Volunteer expenses has no doubt in great measure disappeared; and Lord Elcho, in his speech at the Crystal Palace, may have felt that he was holding a forlorn hope when he tried to impress upon his audience the duty of giving to the Association pecuniary support of a less precious kind than the revenue of pool targets and the entrance fees of competitors for prizes. Still, so long as one form of enthusiasm remains unaffected by time, the vitality of the movement is assured. Those who join to shoot will stay to drill, and as long as Wimbledon retains its attractions the nucleus of the Volunteer army will never be lost. What is really wanted is to work upon this ascertained basis, and, by encouraging and assisting all Volunteers to become good riflemen, to combat the natural influence which thins the ranks in times of apparent tranquillity. The apparatus of rifle-shooting—the batts, the targets, the ammunition, and the salaries of markers—are by no means the means of most Volunteer corps to provide on a suitable scale; and the expense of constant journeys to a distant practice ground has, in fact, deterred the large majority of the rank and file from a pursuit which taxes them severely both in money and in time. The poor man and the busy man have serious discouragements in the attempt to complete their military training by practice at the butt; and by giving timely aid in this direction—more especially by providing easily accessible batts—Government would do more to keep the muster rolls filled up than by doing regulation cloth, or any other of the various devices which have been suggested for the relief of the pecuniary difficulties with which most Volunteer corps have to contend.

THE NAPOLEON FAMILY.—The register of the Imperial family, on which has been inscribed the *propos verba* of the birth of Prince Napoleon's son, is a large folio volume, bound in red velvet, and having at the corners ornaments of silver gilt, with the family cipher "N" in the centre:—"It was commenced in 1806, and the first entry made was the adoption of Prince Eugene by the Emperor. The second, made the same year, relates to the adoption of the Princess Stephanie de Beauharnais, who recently died Grand Duchess of Baden, and who was cousin of the Empress Josephine. Next comes the marriage of the Emperor Napoleon I.; then several certificates of the birth of princes of the family, and lastly of the King of Rome, which closes the series of the certificates inscribed under the reign of the first Emperor. This register was confided to the care of Count Regnault de Saint-Jean-d'Angely, Minister and Councillor of State, and Secretary of the Imperial family. It was to him, under the First Empire, as it is now to the Minister of State under the Second, that was reserved the duty of drawing up the *propos verba* of the great acts relative to Napoleon. At the fall of the First Empire, Count Regnault de Saint-Jean-d'Angely, carefully preserved the book, which at his death passed into the hands of the Countess, his widow. That lady handed it over to the President of the Republic, when Louis Napoleon was called by universal suffrage to the Imperial throne. In the same register, continued by the Second Empire, may be seen the certificate of the marriage of the Emperor Napoleon III., and of that of the Princess Clotilde; of the birth of the Princess Imperial; of the death of Prince Jerome; and, lastly, of the birth of Prince Napoleon Victor Jerome Frederic, just born." The name of Napoleon commemorates that of the head of the dynasty; that of Victor is in remembrance of the house of Savoy; Jerome is that of his paternal grandfather; and Frederic was given in compliment to the family of Wurtemberg.

BALLOON ASCENT FROM WOLVERHAMPTON.

MR. GLAISHER, of the Royal Observatory, ascended on the 17th inst., from Wolverhampton in a balloon, to make, at a high elevation in the atmosphere, certain meteorological observations for the Balloon Committee of the British Association. The aeronaut was Mr. Coxwell, the proprietor of the balloon, who has constructed it at the suggestion of the committee. The machine will contain more gas by 11,000 feet than the great Nassau Balloon, and its immense size was necessary in order that observations might be taken at an altitude of five miles. The balloon was not fully inflated, only 60,000 feet of gas being passed into it. Room was thus left for expansion in the rarified atmosphere. The leading objects sought to be ascertained were—first, the law of the decrease of temperature in proportion to elevation; and, secondly, the distribution of moisture throughout the atmosphere. To enable the observations to be made, a very complete set of instruments was taken up, some of which had been made under Mr. Glaisher's direction especially for the occasion. The apparatus included very sensitive barometers, an electrometer (Professor Thompson's of Glasgow, and lent for these experiments), a magnet, to take the time of the vibration of the needle at different altitudes; glass air-tubes, to trap the air and bring it down; and ozone test papers, in the use of which Mr. Glaisher made valuable discoveries when he was instructed by the Government to make certain meteorological investigations in London during the cholera of 1854. The balloon left the earth at 9.13 and ascended majestically under Mr. Coxwell's guidance, amid the applause of a large number of spectators, among whom were Lord Wrottesley, Dr. Lee, and others. Mr. Glaisher, who seemed even more composed than the aeronaut himself, as they ascended politely acknowledged the fireworks of the crowd below. The balloon soon entered a cloud and was lost to sight at about three minutes to ten. The direction of the wind was towards the Wash, for which Lord Wrottesley joyously advised Mr. Glaisher, to keep a look out pretty early. The distance of Wolverhampton from the coast was not, in fact, sufficient to enable Mr. Glaisher to remain up, as he desired, six hours. He accordingly alighted at noon at Lingham, near to Oakham, after having attained an altitude of nearly five miles. Mr. Glaisher then found the temperature at 16 deg., the air very dry, and electricity positive. On our front page we give an engraving of the ascent.

ST. THOMAS'S HOSPITAL.

The following is an account of the arrangements now making at the Surrey Gardens for the temporary accommodation of this important establishment. There are three houses on the premises, which will be occupied as follows—namely, first, by the resident medical officer; second, by the house-surgeon and dressers; third, by the officers. The matron and chaplain will be provided with houses in Penton-place, adjoining. The museum and library will occupy one of the large rooms in the gardens; and arrangements are fast approaching completion for the entire removal of this wonderful collection of morbid anatomy. The hospital proper will be placed in the main building, formerly occupied by Mr. Spurgeon. It will be recollect that this building was partially burnt, and the inside destroyed. A new iron roof has been placed upon it, and it will contain three immense floors, divided down the middle into wards, with the most ample ventilation and light. The nurses' rooms are placed in the four turrets at the angles, and there will be also space for out-patients, dormitories, &c. These wards will contain 250 beds, allowing about 1,800 feet (cubic) to each patient. This is double the cubic contents allotted to each patient in many of the old wards of the present hospital. A temporary building will be erected before October for the school-lecture rooms and dissecting and examination-rooms, and it is also intended, if necessary, to build an additional ward attached to these buildings; the Act of Parliament now passing will, in fact, contain a clause authorising the erection of these temporary buildings, as they require a departure from the provisions of the Metropolitan Building Act. The soil of the garden is a fine gravel, well drained, and well planted to a considerable extent; and there are several springs affording an abundance of the finest spring water, in addition to that given by the Lambeth Waterworks. The extent of the outbuildings, and the various uses to which they are applied, is very great and most interesting, and in one of these buildings, the "Miss Nightingale" nurses are accommodated, for the whole of this important part of the establishment of St. Thomas's Hospital accompanies its removal to the Surrey Gardens. We understand also that seventy of the pupils have signed their consent to a similar course. All necessary arrangements, we are informed, have been made to the satisfaction of the medical staff of the hospital; and the whole of the arrangements were also approved and confirmed at a very crowded meeting of the governors, held on Wednesday last, who afterwards, according to ancient custom, dined together in the great hall of St. Thomas's (for the last time), under the presidency of Sir John Musgrave, the president; and Mr. Baggaley, the treasurer.—*Observer.*

THE PRESS PERSECUTION.—The *Forbes Gazette* has been writing against the d-arness of bread in that town, and states that in consequence of its remarks seven of the Forbes bakers have summoned it for £700 damages.

BRITISH ORPHAN ASYLUM.—The special general court of the governors of this valuable charity has been held at the London Tavern, to take into consideration an offer made to them of the purchase of Dotesio's Hotel, Slough. Mr. Henry Pritchard, the father of the charity, was called to the chair. It appeared from the report of the directors of the institution that the premises they held at present at Clapham were leasehold, at a rental of £20 per annum; but the annual repairs were £258, without any prospect of diminution. The lease of those premises would terminate in 1893, and would then be renewed for only thirty years, and that at an increase of rental. They had now 133 children in the asylum, which was thirteen more than they could comfortably accommodate. The board had been offered the freehold of the Dotesio's hotel at Slough, including six acres of land, for £5,500, subject to the offer being accepted within three weeks (July 2), and the completion of the purchase within six months. There would be also a sum of about £2,000 required to repair and adapt the building to the wants of the children, of whom it would accommodate 150. The report recommending the purchase was adopted. Some very handsome subscriptions were given in, ranging from £10 to £100.

SYMBOLICAL OF THE POPE'S POSITION.—According to a time-honoured custom, says the *Union*, the Sovereign Pontiff cause each year a silver medal to be struck on the occasion of the solemnity of St. Peter, first vicar of Jesus Christ, and Protector of Rome and the Catholic Church. Last year the commemorative medal represented on one side the effigy of Pius IX., and on the other, Daniel in the lion's den, in allusion to the prodigy which God is pleased to perpetuate, in order to preserve Rome and the Sovereign Pontiff from the revolutionary aggressions which have precipitated themselves with such fury on all the other parts of Italy. The medal of 1862 represents St. Peter receiving alms from a man and a woman, a real symbol of the piety of the first Christians. Underneath is the following legend:—"Petri inopiis Christiani stipendium."—*Antiqua pietas renovatur.*—*MCCCLXII.*

DRAWING PENCILS.—We are glad to see that our old friends, Messrs. Brookman and Langdon, of Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury, have obtained the International Exhibition prize for their shilling box of pencils. The case contains six very superior drawing pencils, and from their admirable quality and remarkable cheapness, it is indeed a wonder how they can be made for the price. No artist or amateur should be without them.

SINGULAR CASE OF UNREQUITED LOVE AND ATTEMPTED SUICIDE.

CAROLINE SOMERVILLE, a girl not quite eighteen years of age, and described as a tailor's apprentice, was charged on Monday, with making two attempts to commit suicide.

Catherine Owens, a young woman, residing at No. 27, Jubilee-place, Commercial-road, said, that in consequence of the receipt of a letter from the prisoner she met her in the Commercial-road, and found her in a very dejected state, and crying. The prisoner's distress of mind and agitation were caused by a young man to whom she was devotedly attached, and who had slighted her. The prisoner said she would destroy herself, and asked her for the loan of some halfpence to purchase a dose of poison. She refused to lend her money for any such purpose. The prisoner then hastened to her home, and took up a small knife, with which she attempted to cut her throat. The knife was taken away from her, and she then retired to a private room, and made an attempt to strangle herself with a pocket-handkerchief. The prisoner's second attempt at suicide was frustrated, and she was given into custody. At the station-house the prisoner attempted to strangle herself with the strings of her bonnet.

Max Halstock, a German, a pale-faced young man, with a large, yellow moustache, said he was living at No. 26, Bedford-street, Commercial-road. The prisoner had worked for him two months. She had told him she loved him truly and sincerely, but he did not want her to love him. She also told the young woman Owens that she loved him. On Sunday the prisoner said that she would drown herself in the water, and he said, "Go and do so; drown yourself fast."

Magistrate: That was cool.—Halstock: She often said "I love you. I want to keep company." I said "No." On Sunday she watched me from half-past two until eleven o'clock at night. Last Tuesday she began, and was looking at me all day; but she took nothing away from me.

Magistrate: Did you pay her any attentions?—Witness: Yes; I paid her 2s. 6d. on Saturday night, all I owed her.

Magistrate: Did you make love to her?—Witness: No, sir.

Magistrate: Did you promise to marry this unhappy young woman?—Witness: No, sir, no. I never spoke of love. Last Tuesday she said she loved me.

Hugh Andrews, a police-constable, 62 H, said the prisoner had sent a letter to her rival, the first witness. He handed it to the magistrate. It was an incoherent and passionate effusion, indicating the deepest mental distress, begging of her friend to intercede for her with "Mr. Marks," who had taken her heart and broken it; and ultimately threatening to commit self-destruction.

The magistrate asked Halstock if he spoke English or German to the prisoner?—Witness: I speak English to her.

Magistrate: You must have paid court to her.—Witness: No, no; I did not; never.

Magistrate: Are you quite sure of that?—Witness: I am, indeed.

Magistrate: I am afraid that you have spoken on the subject of love and marriage to this poor girl.—Witness: No, no; I am not in love. Never in love with her; never!

Magistrate: Well, it appears she is in love with you. I never saw a more dejected and unhappy-looking creature than that poor girl. It is quite distressing.

Mrs. Somerville, the mother of the prisoner, said, her daughter was in a most unhappy frame of mind, in a state of delirium, and all about the young man Halstock. They worked in the same shop together.

Magistrate: It is very extraordinary. I have questioned him both in German and in English, and he says he has no sentiment of affection for her.

Mrs. Somerville: This girl behind (pointing to the witness Owens), is also in love with him.

Magistrate: Do you hear that, Catherine Owens? Are you in love with this German tailor?—Owens: No, sir; not I. I like him; but am not in love with him. I think Caroline there might beg his pardon.

Magistrate: What, for being in love with him?—Owens: Yes, sir; she is a very silly girl.

Magistrate: I shall remand the prisoner to the Clerkenwell House of Detention for a week. The chaplain will talk to her. I hope she will be in a better state of mind next week, and be sensible of her folly.

The prisoner (in a low tone) said that Halstock had walked out with her, and promised to marry her.

Halstock: It is a lie; it is not true.

Magistrate: If you did, you have behaved very badly, indeed.

Halstock: I never walked out with her.

The prisoner: Yes you have, Marks; you know you have.

Magistrate: I'll tell you what, Mr. Max, or Marks, I begin to suspect you have been trifling with this poor girl's affections. Mind what you are about. There is no accounting for taste; here are two women in love with this stripling of a tailor, who says he don't care for either of them. I hope the prisoner will look for some one higher—not marry a tailor, and that she will become as sensible as the other girl, who is laughing over the matter, and don't care whether she was the tailor or not.

The prisoner was then formally remanded for a week, and was led from the dock in a most prostrated condition by some of her female friends.

THE TRENT AFFAIR.—The Town Council of Haddington have resolved that Captain Moir, at present on a visit there, should be presented with the freedom of the burgh, "in token of the manner in which the inhabitants appreciate his gallant and spirited conduct in the affair of the Trent."

LAMBETH SUSPENSION BRIDGE.—The progress of this new bridge (at present the only adaptation of wire ropes in the construction of bridges across the Thames) has been surprisingly rapid during the last few weeks. Already half the iron roadway, with its projecting brackets at the sides for the support of the passengers' footway, has been firmly attached to the iron wire ropes (which latter weigh nearly 150 tons, and have cost about £6,000), by diagonal ties of great strength and firmness. The cables, which were manufactured by the Messrs. Newall, in a small workshop at the Lambeth side of the bridge, are fine specimens of strength combined with lightness. The workmen are busily engaged upon the approaches of the bridge, the Westminster end of which is opposite Market-street, the Lambeth end being approached from Church-street. The total cost of the bridge will be £10,000.

FRIGHTFUL DEATH OF A BOY FROM BEING FLUNG UNDER A WAGON.—On Saturday morning an inquiry was held by Mr. W. J. Payne, the deputy-coroner for Southwark, at Guy's Hospital, touching the death of Joseph Redington, aged five years, who was killed on the 16th inst., through being pushed by a little playmate under the wheels of a timber wagon. Elizabeth Clarke said that on the afternoon in question the deceased and another little boy of his own age were proceeding along the pavement in Park-street, Southwark, when the latter, in a childish freak, gave him a sudden push into the roadway, and he fell. A wagon laden with timber was going along within a yard of the kerb just at the spot, and before deceased could get up the wheels passed over his stomach, completely crushing the viscera. The child that did the mischief ran away, screaming frantically, and deceased was immediately taken to the hospital by the carman; but remedies were, of course, unavailing, and death speedily put a period to his sufferings. The jury returned a verdict of "Accidental death."

DEATH OF THE LORD PRIMATE OF ALL IRELAND

LORD JOHN GEORGE BERESFORD, Archbishop of Armagh, and Primate of all Ireland, expired without a struggle on Saturday morning last, at the seat of his nephew, Wyburn, near Donaghadee. The Right Hon. and Most Rev. Lord John George Beresford, D.D., who besides being Archbishop of Armagh and Metropolitan, was Bishop of Clogher, a Privy Councillor in Ireland, Prelate of the Order of St. Patrick, Lord Almoner for Ireland, Chancellor of the University of Dublin, was born at Tyrone House, Dublin, November 22, 1773, and was the second son of the Right Hon. George de la Poer Beresford, second Earl of Tyrone (created Marquis of Waterford in 1789), by Elizabeth, only daughter and heiress of Mr. Henry Monck, of Charleville, and Lady Isabella Bentinck, daughter of Henry, first Duke of Portland. He was educated, like most of his family, at Eton, and having entered Christ Church, Oxford, took his B.A. degree, April 30, 1793, and that of M.A. in 1796.

At the age of twenty-six he was appointed Dean of Clogher, and held this post till 1805, when he was raised to the Bishopric of Cork and Ross, on which occasion he received the degree of D.D., by diploma from the University of Oxford. In 1807 he was translated to Raphoe, in 1809 to Clogher, and to the Archbishopric of Dublin in 1820. In 1822, on the death of the Hon. and Most Rev. Dr. Stuart, he succeeded to the Archbishopric of Armagh, of which See he was the 105th occupant, and the first Irish occupant for 120 years. In 1829 he was appointed Vice-Chancellor of the University of Dublin, and in 1851—on the death of the King of Hanover (Duke of Cumberland)—its Chancellor. In 1859, on the death of Lord Robert Tottenham, the See of Clogher again fell under his jurisdiction, according to the provisions of the Church Temporalities Act.

In the discharge of his episcopal functions Primate Beresford was singularly disinterested, impartial, and discerning. He was sure to find out merit; it was he who promoted Dr. (afterwards Bishop) Stopford, Dr. Robinson, and Dr. O'Sullivan, all ornaments of the Church. He set his face sternly against nepotism; his generosity knew no bounds; he spent nearly £30,000 on Armagh Cathedral. In one year he gave £1,100 in stipends to curates whose rectors were too poor to pay them. He for many years entirely supported the Fever Hospital of Armagh, with its forty patients. In 1853 he gave £1,000 to Dublin University towards a professorship of Ecclesiastical History, and in 1854 gave the same university £300 for the purchase of the "Book of Armagh." He, as has been said, half supported St. Columba's College, and gave £120 a year each for four Irish students from that school in the University of Dublin. He visited the college constantly, and by the boys was deeply beloved for his paternal kindness to them. In Armagh there was not an institution of any sort that he did not support munificently.

The Archbishop was never married. His sisters, the Ladies Anne and Catherine Beresford, had lived with him till their death, when he received into his palace the three daughters of his brother, Lord George Beresford, who looked up to him as a father. In time all three were married—one to Admiral Henry Eden, another to the hon. E. Kenyon, and a third to Mr. George Dunbar. But he was never left alone, one of his nieces being always with him, and tending him with filial care. To his great grief, the niece who generally lived with him (Mrs. Dunbar) died in 1859.

THE GLASGOW MURDER.

As we anticipated, the bloody clothes have been fully identified as belonging to the prisoner, Mrs. M'Lachlan, and that she is known to have worn them on the night of the murder there is also no doubt. The identification is complete, nay, superabundant, for several persons can speak positively to the fact of their being hers, and used by her on the eventful night. They consist, as our readers are aware, of a brown merino dress and two flannel petticoats, all of which are saturated with blood. One of these petticoats has been made out of a blanket, and therefore is easily identified; and Sarah Adamson, a little girl who was servant to the prisoner for some time, can perceive some of her own sewing on one of her garments. The trimming on the dress is likewise positively spoken to. The prisoner has not yet been fully committed for trial, although due sanction for that course has been given by the Crown authorities, so that she may yet be again examined in regard to the above clothing. This, however, is not likely to be the case, and she will, in the usual way, be fully committed for trial at the ensuing Circuit Court, which opens on the 15th September. The prisoner has never refused food, but we understand she takes a duo quantity; and as for the intention being entertained of forcing food into her stomach, that, we are assured, is a pure invention.

ATTEMPTED MURDER THROUGH JEALOUSY.

On Monday morning between twelve and one o'clock a most murderous attack was made on Mrs. Nora Bryant, at her residence, 82, James-street, Lambeth, by a female named Anne Smith, who met Mrs. Bryant in the passage of the house on her return home, and seizing her with her hand commenced stabbing her about the head and face with a knife with which she had armed herself. The noise of the struggle and Mrs. Bryant's screams brought several of the inmates to her assistance, who rescued her from her assailant, but not before she had sustained serious, if not fatal, injuries—one of the thrusts of the knife having entered her eye, and nearly gouged it out. She was removed without loss of time to Westminster Hospital, and attended by the surgeons of that institution, where she remains in a very precarious state. The woman Smith was secured and taken before the magistrates, and remanded to await the result of Mrs. Bryant's injuries.

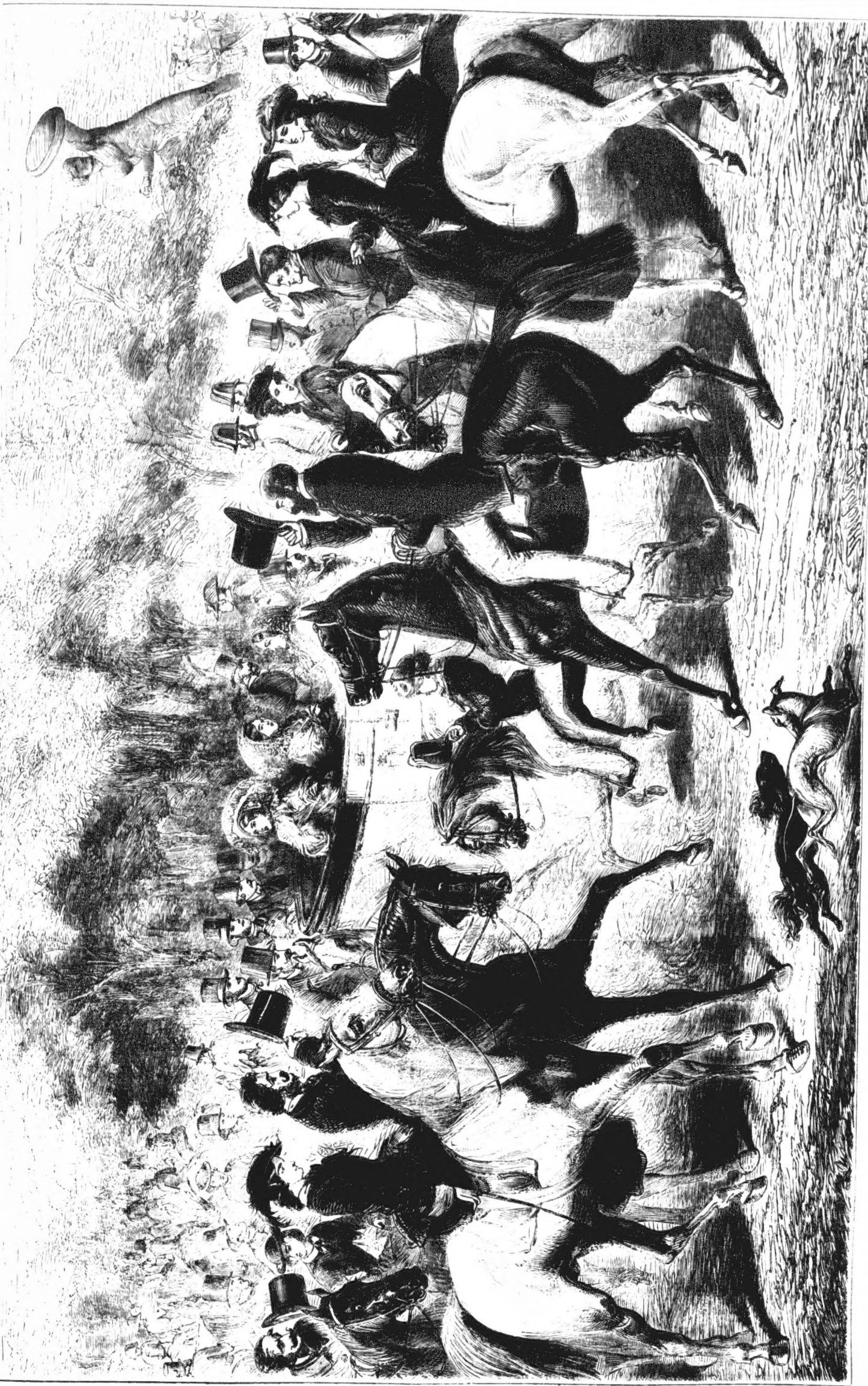
OCEAN STEAM NAVIGATION.—Within the last fortnight two passages have been made across the Atlantic which surpass in speed anything before accomplished by ocean steamers. The first was that by the China, which made the passage from Queenstown to Cape Race in five days and nineteen hours, thus giving us news in less than six days from all parts of Europe. The China is a propeller, and belongs to the Cunard line. The Scotia, also a Cunarder, but a paddle-wheel, made the trip from Queenstown to this port in eight days and fourteen hours, being the shortest passage on record, and approached only by the vessels of the famous Collins line.

THE ASSASSIN OF THE GRAND DUKE.—A letter from Warsaw, of the 10th, in the *Debats*, says:—"The following are some fresh details relative to Zaroski, who fired at the Grand Duke Constantine. After having given different names, and when he was told that his declarations were contradictory, he refused to make any avowal, saying that he was lost beforehand, and that it must be the same thing to his judges whether they condemn Peter or Paul. "Death is certain for me," he constantly repeated, "set on with the trial, therefore; what is the use of all these torments?" For two days he refused to take any food, saying that he must die one way or another. His appetite was, however, excited by placing some roast meat before him, and when he had taken one mouthful he continued to eat. On being asked whether he had any accomplices, he made no answer on the point. He said that he purchased the revolver from a dealer in old iron. He certainly displays a firmness which might have been put to a better use; the Marquis Wielopolski has obtained permission for the trial to take place before civil judges assisted by military ones. His Imperial Highness has declared that the proceedings shall be public; the Procurator will be present at the sittings, which has not been the case in any political trials since 1831.



THE INTERNATIONAL BALL AT GUILDHALL. (See page 63.)

11. 2. 4. 6. 8. 10. 12. 14. 16. 18. 20. 22. 24. 26. 28. 30. 32. 34. 36. 38. 40. 42. 44. 46. 48. 50. 52. 54. 56. 58. 60. 62. 64. 66. 68. 70. 72. 74. 76. 78. 80. 82. 84. 86. 88. 90. 92. 94. 96. 98. 100.



"LONDON TOWN," ROTTEN ROW. (See page 668.)

Public Amusements.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—"Le Nozze di Figaro," produced at this theatre on Saturday last, for the first time this season, attracted a numerous audience, to whom it seemed to afford very great enjoyment. This performance, indeed, of the finest comic opera in existence, was on the whole the best that we have witnessed these many years. The principal characters were admirably sustained. Miss Louisa Pym was a charming *Susanna*; gay and playful, but, "within the limits of becoming mirth," for *Susanna* is no ordinary waiting-maid, but the humble companion and *Confidante* of her lady. Our fair countrywoman, whose musical judgment is never at fault, sang Mozart's simple music with congenial simplicity, eschewing every kind of florid ornament. Middle Tiffens gave very great interest to the beautiful character of the *Countess*.

OLYMPIC.—A thoroughly agreeable evening may be spent here. In the first place the admirable performance of "The Dowager," with Miss Sedgwick in the principal character, is thoroughly worth seeing. Then the acting of Mr. Robson as *Sampson Barr*, in the domestic drama of "The Porter's Knot," for natural feeling and irresistible humour, is, in its peculiar line, not to be paralleled. And, finally, Mr. Worboys, in the farce of "A Phenomenon in a Smock Frock," keeps up the fun of the entertainments until that early hour at which this house, greatly to its credit and advantage, invariably closes.

NEW ADELPHI.—"The Dead Heart" has proved a happy revival. The theatre is thoroughly well filled. It is not necessary to say that Mr. Webster's fine performance as *Robert Lowley* is fully appreciated and enthusiastically applauded. Although Mr. Toole has but a poor part to play, he invests it with an individuality which raises it to eminence in the piece. Mrs. Alfred Mellon, too, does not fail to appropriate to herself a good share of the honours of the evening. The *apropos* farce of "A Shilling Day at the Great Exhibition," keeps the house in a continuous roar of laughter.

SURREY.—A new play, entitled "Cassilda," was produced here on Monday, with complete success. The talented manager, Mr. Creswick, has a part admirably adapted to him. He was, we need hardly say, most efficiently supported by Miss Atkinson (of Sadler's Wells). The farce of "The Quiet Family" concluded the entertainment.

GRECIAN.—The production of "Turpin's Ride to York," supported by Mr. W. Edwin, and his celebrated mare, *Gypsy*, has drawn crowds to this popular place of amusement.

MR. SIMS REEVES' GRAND EVENING CONCERT.—Among the musical events of a season more than usually marked and interesting is Mr. Sims Reeves' Concert in Exeter-hall. The name of the distinguished tenor was of itself sufficient to give *relat* to the occasion, which took place on Wednesday. Miss Lenamens Sherrington, Miss Palmer, Mr. Sauteley, Mr. Charles Halle, and Mr. Piatelli, assisting. The chief feature of the evening was the first performance in public of a new cantata by Mr. Balfe, founded on the subject of Lord Byron's poem, "Mazeppa." We congratulate Mr. Reeves on his being the chief exponent of a work from the practised hand of the most popular of British composers.

THEATRICAL MEMS.

A new drama, "Maria di Rohan," is in rehearsal at the Queen's. Miss M. Jones, a daughter of Eraser Jones, will shortly appear at Sadler's Wells Theatre.

ROYAL DRAMATIC COLLEGE FETE.

This annual event took place on Saturday and Monday. The Centre Transept, on this occasion, was given up to thirty or forty popular actresses for fancy stalls. The concert-room was turned into a booth theatre, flanked by a smaller booth for a burlesque *pose plastique* entertainment; and on the other side of the transept a photographic tent and an Aunt Sally alley were erected.

The fair was opened by proclamation about half-past twelve, by Mr. Robert Romer, in the character of a herald of the time of Edward II. His voice was unctuous, as usual, but his dress was hardly satisfactory to the strict archaeological observer. When these diverting formalities were disposed of the admiring crowd were let into the enclosed square of the central transept, and for hours the shopkeeping and delightfully extortionate dandies at the stalls were allowed to tax the most willing of taxpayers. No one could complain of the prices exacted, nor of that fancy-fair determination to give no change, when crowds had to wait patiently for their turn to get near the counters. The most active members of this charming joint stock company (limited) were Mrs. Stirling, Mrs. Henry Ruddall, Mrs. Frank Matthews, Mrs. Conquest, Miss Fanny Joseph, Miss H. Simms, Miss Laidlaw, Miss Kate Kelly, Miss E. Johnstone, Miss Kate Carson, Mrs. Alfred Mellon, Mrs. Billington, Miss Fanny Hunt, Miss Amy S. dgwick, Mrs. E. Fitzwilliam, Miss Katherine Hickson, Miss C. Willard, Miss M. A. Atkinson, Miss Latimer, Miss Helen Howard, Miss Elworthy, Mrs. Howard Paul, Miss Denville, Miss Herbert, Miss Conquest, Miss C. Saunders, Miss Lydia Thompson, Mrs. St. Henry, Miss Catherine Lucette, Miss Marriott, Miss Carry Nelson, Miss Sara Nelson, Miss E. Romer, and Miss Agnes Burdett. Other popular favourites, such as Miss M. Oliver and Miss Marie Wilton, unattached to stalls, were not idle amongst the crowd, bringing many willing purchasers forward to swell the funds of the charity.

For those who were not able to get near the stalls, or who were inclined for more solid amusement, our leading comedians toiled in the Richardsonian Theatre, the Photographic booth, the Punch and Judy show, and the miniature circus. Mr. J. L. Toole, who does the most thrilling work with rare earnestness and vigour, worked his famous peep-show which was so successful at the last fancy fair, took portraits by a process which we shall not divulge, and in which he was assisted by those old operators Mr. Paul Bedford and Mr. C. J. Smith, while Mr. Buckstone, Mr. Widdicombe, Mr. Worboys, and others, sold three sticks a shilling at the Aunt Sally game with most amusing energy.

Outside the Richardsonian Theatre a "parade" of characters was kept up with unflagging spirit by Messrs. Paul Herring, Morelli, Boleno, and other well-tried pantomimists. Inside the theatre a couple of brief pieces were performed alternately to enraptured houses; one called "Alfonso and Claudina, the Faithful Spouse; or, the Hate I Race," the other (written by Mr. H. J. Byron) "The Rosebud of Stingingnettle Farm; or, the Villainous Squire and the Virtuous Villager." Both are broad parodies of the *Bartlemy Fair* and domestic drama, the first showing Messrs. Addison and Toole in the characters of a mock Shakespearean king and a melodramatic ruffian, the latter giving Messrs. Clarke, Garden, and Shore an opportunity for some really funny burlesque acting. The Payne and Lauri families did their best in the circus, assisted by Mr. Harry Croustie. Two of the Christy Minstrels entertained a large circle in the building; while Mr. James Rogers, dressed as the widow Melnotte in reduced circumstances, drew crowds into his booth by his plaintive appeals, and then dryly described the attitudes of three posturers on a revolving table. The delighted visitors strolled from one entertainment to another, recognised their favourites under various disguises, looked upon every close-shaven companion as an actor, and scattered their money freely under the intoxication of a little long looked-for sunshine.

Sporting.

RACING PICTURES.

JULY.

Goodwood . . . 29

AUGUST.

| | | |
|-------------------------|------------------------|----------------------|
| Radcliffe . . . 4 | Wolverhampton . . . 12 | Stockton . . . 26 |
| Brighton . . . 5 | Reading . . . 14 | Egham . . . 26 |
| Brighton Club . . . 7 | Wenlock . . . 15 | Lichfield . . . 26 |
| Lewes . . . 8 | York . . . 19 | Bridgewater . . . 28 |
| Hartlepool . . . 11 | Dover . . . 21 | Ludlow . . . 29 |
| Great Yarmouth . . . 12 | | |

CRICKET.

I ZINGARI ELEVEN V. TWENTY-TWO MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT WITH GRUNDY.—This was a one-day's match, played at Lord's Ground on Saturday. The weather was unseasonably cold; there was, however, a good attendance. The Parliamentary cricket was indifferent. Grundy played for the hon. members, and contributed a useful 49. Mr. A. Bathurst's 21 was well got by two 4's (drives). &c. Lord Wenlock's 15 and 10 were obtained by good cricket; and Lord Selknersdale 9, by a 4, a 3, and a single. In their second innings the Parliamentary wickets fell rapidly before the fast bowling of Mr. Fitzgerald, and the slows of Mr. Ekard and Mr. Arkwright. Grundy was bowled by a shooter the first ball; and Mr. Ekard, with three successively bowled balls, took three wickets in one over. As to the Zingari, Mr. Ponsonby was well caught at wicket by Lord Selknersdale. Mr. Mitchell finely caught in the slip by the hon. P. Wyndham, and Mr. Lane (whose reappearance on the cricket-field was a source of pleasure to all) played the ball on to his wicket; his 23 were obtained by two 4's (cut and drive), two 3's (drives), &c. Mr. Traill carried his bat out for 49, made by two 4's (cut and drive), a drive for 3, &c. The stumps were drawn at the conclusion of the second innings of the Two Houses, the result 183, being scored on both sides, 1 Z. having played but one innings.

HIGHLAND FESTIVAL.

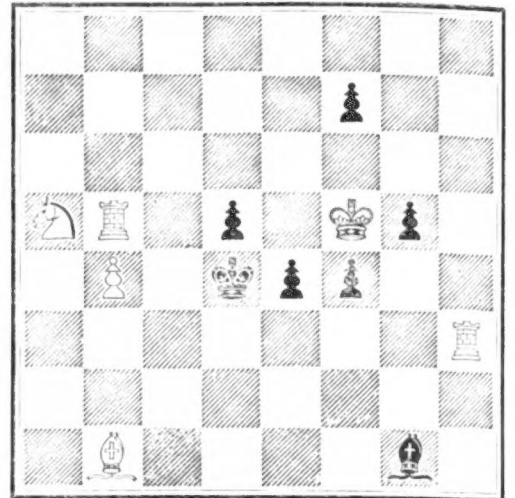
This meeting of the "Club of True Highlanders" took place last week at Beaufort House, Waltham-green. The sports and amusements were almost entirely of a national character. Skilful pipers, clad in various tartans, blew forth their loudest strains; too "caber"—a heavy pole about fifteen feet in length—was thrown by broad-shouldered clansmen; and a host of agile dancers executed the liveliest reels with an enthusiasm which became contagious, and extended itself to the spectators. The game of "putting the stone" was one of the most exciting features. It was interesting to see the careful poise of the body, the grim muscular strain of the right arm and the final force with which the heavy stone was ultimately hurled away to a distance of more than thirty feet. The casting of the "heavy hammer" was also watched with great attention, as likewise were well contested foot races. In the first of these, which was a sprint-race of only a hundred yards, the victor was Gavin Tait. In a hurdle-race of 300 yards, which created much amusement, Gavin Tait was again the winner; Private Mackenzie, of the 78th Regiment, running a good second. For throwing the hammer, the first prize was adjudged to Donald Dinnie, of Abeyne, who cast it no less than 69 ft. 8 in.—his closest rival being William Tait (Gavin's brother), who attained 66 ft. 10½ in. William was also the most successful in "putting" the stone, weighing 22 lbs., a distance of 36 ft. 10 in. Donald Dinnie and Patton were second and third in this particular competition. Dinnie was himself the most successful in throwing the "caber." Some very graceful sword-dancing was also shown.

The prize for the best pibroch playing was awarded to D. Cameron, who, with his grand massive face and ample grey beard, looked the very impersonation of an old Highland piper. The best dancer of the Highland line was declared to be John Grant; whilst the palm for grace and agility as a sword-dancer was given to J. Patton. A one-mile race was decided in favour of Private Mackenzie, of the 78th Regiment; and in the "long-jump running," the victory was carried off by an amateur, Mr. John Macnamara, of the London Irish Volunteers, who jumped 19 ft. 5 in. We are unable to give the whole prize list; but we may mention that the "best-dressed Highlander" was declared to be Donald Scott, the nearest to him in attractive garb being Duncan Airth. In deciding this difficult vestimentary question, the judges were guided, not by the profusion of medals or other ornaments worn by the rivals, but by the accuracy of the tartan and the genuine merit of the Scottish homespun. The juvenile band of the Royal Caledonian Asylum attended. Founded in 1815, the "Club of True Highlanders" had for its object to promote good fellowship amongst Scotsmen, to preserve and foster the love for national sports and music, and to extend charitable and immediate assistance to the distressed of their own nation. To Mr. James Rennie, the indefatigable secretary of the club, the highest credit is due for the zeal and energy with which he conducted the business arrangements of the meeting.

ARREST OF A COLONEL BY MISTAKE.—A strange affair has occurred at Farnham, which has supplied food for gossip both there and at the camp ever since. It appears that a somewhat serious robbery having been committed at Aldershot, the Farnham police were on the look-out for the perpetrators, who were supposed to be soldiers. On Friday morning last, about four o'clock, two suspicious-looking fellows were seen approaching Farnham, from the direction of the camp, and a policeman who met them on the road immediately jumped at the conclusion that these were the men that were "wanted." Accordingly he made his suspicions known to a comrade, and with his assistance succeeded in arresting the men. Whilst conveying them to the station they espied another person, walking at a rapid rate, and although he was in civilian's costume anyone could have seen, with half an eye, that he was a soldier. As he was about to pass, one of the men in custody exclaimed, "There goes a chum," whereupon the constables concluded that the stranger was an accomplice in the robbery, or at all events a declared deserter, and they accordingly arrested him also. The stranger declared that he was Colonel Clifford, Assistant Quarter-master-General, and that he was only out thus early for the purpose of training, as he was about to share in the divisional field sports shortly to take place at Aldershot. This explanation the police treated as a capital joke; and it is stated that they behaved with additional rudeness in consequence of it. At all events, they marched the colonel to the house of Superintendent Hollington, where he made the same statement. The superintendent, who was in bed, and communicated with the men from the window, did not recognise the distinguished prisoner, and he was ordered to be taken before the military provosts, who were stationed at a neighbouring inn. On the way there he recalled some circumstance to the minds of the policemen which satisfied them that he really was the colonel, but he now refused to accept their offer. He had been arrested and ordered to the provost, and to the provost he would go. Here things were very soon explained, and the colonel was released. We understand that Colonel Clifford, with characteristic generosity, does not blame the police for arresting him, and thinks that they may only have acted in the performance of their duty in so doing; but that he does complain of the incivility and rudeness to which he was subjected after he had stated his name and rank. An inquiry will doubtless take place into all the circumstances.—*West Surrey Times*.

Chess.

PROBLEM No. 40.—By Mr. A. Black.

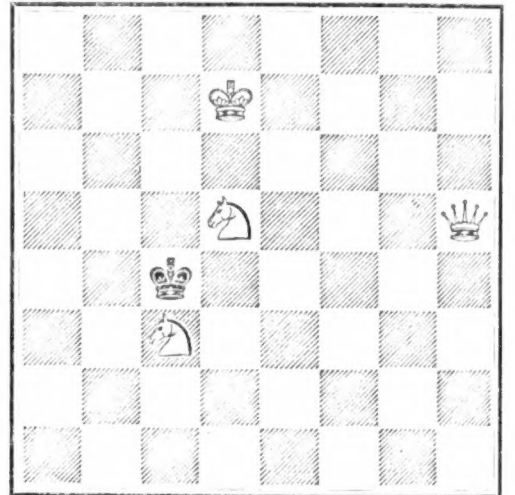


White.

White to move and mate in four moves.

PROBLEM No. 41.—For young players. By T. SMITH, City Road Chess Club.

Black.



White.

White to move and mate in four moves.

W. T. PARKER, T. W. S., J. BINNEY, and other correspondents shall be replied to next week.

REGISTRATION OF LETTERS.—The following notice has been issued from the General Post-office:—On the 1st of August next, and the day following, the fee charged at all post-offices for registering inland letters during the present hours of registration will be reduced from 6d. to 4d. The registration fees on foreign and colonial letters will remain unaltered. At the metropolitan chief offices; at the London district offices (including the Lombard-street, and Charing-cross branches); and at all provincial head offices, registration, whether for inland, foreign or colonial letters, will be extended until the closing of the letter-box for each despatch, or until the office is closed for the night, upon payment of a late fee of 4d., in addition to the ordinary registration fee. The Post-office cannot undertake the safe transmission of valuable enclosures in unregistered letters. So sent, they are exposed to serious risk, but when registered they are practically safe. As a step, therefore, towards the more general registration of all such letters, it is intended not only to reduce the fee, but to treat as registered all letters unquestionably containing coin, even though they be posted without registration, charging them on delivery with a double registration fee, that is to say, with a fee of 8d. in addition to the ordinary postage; and further, should it be found that any such letters cannot be registered in time to be forwarded by the mail for which they were posted, they will be detained for the next despatch. In the first instance, however, this course will be adopted only as regards letters posted in, or addressed to, or passing through London—foreign and colonial letters excepted.

ASYLUM FOR FEMALE ORPHANS, WESTMINSTER-ROAD.—His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, and a very large congregation, including many of the vice-presidents and guardians of this valuable charity, attended Divine service on Sunday morning in the chapel of the asylum, in the Westminster-road, in commemoration of the 10th anniversary of the institution. The Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Worcester (in the absence of the Lord Bishop of London through sudden illness) preached the sermon, and the very Rev. the Dean of Westminster assisted at the service. The text was selected from St. Matthew, chap. v., verse 7, "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy." At the conclusion of the right rev. prelate's eloquent discourse, he appealed for aid for the institution, which he said had especial claims, being the oldest of its kind, having been established upwards of a century, during which period nearly 3,000 orphan girls had been educated therein, and instructed in the Christian religion, in the tenets of the Church of England, and generally rendered competent for domestic servants. As the funds of the institution were in a distressed condition he hoped the congregation would show by their contributions that they would not let it fail, or be cramped in its operations, and do what they could to perpetuate so excellent a charity. This appeal resulted in a liberal collection, and a like favourable effect followed the eloquent sermon preached in the evening by the Rev. W. Curling, M.A., the chaplain; and it is hoped that this may lead to the general improvement of the fund, so much required.

401.1.8 (CUL3)

VICE-CHANCELLOR'S COURT

WESTERN CIRCUIT.

POLICE COURTS.
MANSION HOUSE.

BOW STREET

WESTMINSTER.

CLERKENWELL.

MARLBOROUGH STREET.

WORSHIP STREET.

SOFT TISSUE MARK

SURREY SESSIONS.

MIDDLESEX SESSIONS.

DURING STREET ROBBERY.—John Lovell, twenty-five, tailor, was indicted for stealing a watch and chain from the person of John Hampden Gladstone. The prosecutor was a gentleman living in Welbeck-street, Cavendish-square, and one Saturday night he was passing by a crowd at the top of Coventry-street, when he detected the prisoner handling his waistcoat pocket. Instantly his watch and chain were gone, and he threw him on the ground, thinking he had the watch, as he was nearest to him. A companion of the prisoner ran away as fast as he could, and was not taken. When charged, the prisoner said that even if he did do it the gentleman had no business to serve him like that, and refused to give any name or address. The watch was picked up, and given up by him to Inspector Flotard, just where the prisoner stood, and inquiries had been made, who now produced it. The prisoner was found "Guilty," and former convictions were proved against him. He was, it appeared, one of the most artful and cunning of thieves, and could assume all sorts of disguises. The court sentenced him to ten years' penal servitude.



SEASIDE SKETCHES, NO. 3.—BAMBOROUGH CASTLE.

BAMBOROUGH CASTLE.

AMONG other scenes that may possibly be visited by the tourist to the seaside is the far-famed castle of Bamborough, on the coast of Northumberland, about seventeen miles south-east from Berwick-on-Tweed. Bamborough Castle is situated on a rock 150 feet above the level of the sea, and is, from its vast size and good state of preservation, an object of great attraction. It lies close to an old but obscure town of the same name. Weather-beaten, fronting like a warrior boasting of his bold northern blood, it stands like a buttress against the lashing fury and thunderous attacks of the great sea; grim, grey, and battered, it is yet to the mariner belated on those stormy waters one of the most blessed signs he can look for—a harbinger of hope and safety—a shelter and a home; for its ancient

keep, as we shall presently show, is devoted to purposes of mercy; and one of the feudal edifices of the past, where fierce men and marauders dwelt, and issued forth at times to commit desolation and spread rapine around, has become a refuge, a home, and a shelter for the shipwrecked sailor who may hap to have his brave ship founder on that coast. The castle and some adjoining property was bequeathed in 1720, by Lord Crewe, Bishop of Durham, for charitable purposes—in rescuing and providing for shipwrecked mariners. In pursuance of the benevolent intentions of the founder, it has been partially renovated. Watch is constantly kept, and signals made in hazy weather, to warn ships of their approach to this dangerous coast. A lifeboat is also kept in readiness, and the most efficient measures adopted to prevent and relieve the misfortune of shipwreck. The navigation in this vicinity,

being near to the Fern Island (the scene of Grace Darling's exploits), is extremely dangerous in bad weather. The income in 1839 was £8,162.

AN AMERICAN BISHOP AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY.—On Sunday evening the Right Rev. Dr. Lewis, of Trinity College, Dublin, the newly-consecrated Bishop of Ontario, preached at the special evening service in the nave of Westminster Abbey. The subject was the connection between faith and works, and the necessity of both to eternal salvation. The sermon next Sunday evening will be preached by the Rev. F. F. Trench, Rector of Kells, Ireland.

SPAIN, it is reported, is about to follow in the way of other and larger Powers, and recognise Italy.

"London Town."

ITS STREETS.—ITS HOUSES AND ITS PEOPLE.—ITS ODD SCENES AND STRANGE CHARACTERS.—ITS MYSTERIES, MISERIES, AND SPLENDOURS.—ITS SAD MEMORIES AND COMIC PHASES.

BY THE HERMIT OF EXETER CHANGE.

NO 10.—ROTTEN-ROW.

THE *Stranger* who visits London, if he wants to see the finest sight in the world, must visit the "Drive" or "Ride" or "Promenade" or all three in one, known by the name of "Rotten-row." It is in Hyde-park, itself one of the best open spaces of ground that ever a large city was blessed with. "Rotten-row," to be seen in all its glory, must be visited during the season. This season is of indefinite duration. Its commencement and close do not directly depend upon the revolutions of the earth, or the relative positions of sun, moon, or stars; for though it begins sometimes in the spring, it may either end in the summer or be prolonged into the autumn. In its termination, it is to some extent dependent upon the prerogation of Parliament, that is to say the "season" is not quite over, so long as the legislature sits; so that if Parliament continues its "palaver" until September, the season may be said to last till then, or if Parliament should rise in July, the "season" would be for that year be over.

Some people have wondered how it is that what is called the "season" in London should not begin until the spring. What an absurd subject for wondering at! How could the London season begin at any other time? How could the great, black, bilious, overgrown city, stifled by gas, and fogs, and politics, ever hope to have a season at all, unless Nature with a violent effort came to its aid about Easter time, and infused into it a little spring blood? Then the town of

London feels the influences of the spring, and salutes it after its fashion. The parks are green for about three months. Lady Smishmag and other leaders of fashion give their series of grand parties. Iced-creams and champagne are in demand; ducks and green peas burst out; the River Thames blossoms with whitebait, and Messrs. McCall and Co., announce a fresh arrival of lively West India turtle. Then, "weather permitting," blazes forth the glory of "Rotten-row." Let the "stranger," then, on any dry, sunshiny afternoon wend his way to Hyde-park, and he will not fail to see as fine a sight as human eyes can gaze upon. Therealong the "row" will be seen the handsomest men, women, and horses in the world. There the fashionable and wealthy men and women of the world flock in order to see and be seen. What lovely women may here be seen, walking, riding, or driving! How fascinating in whatever they do! What elegance!—what grace!—what colours!—what odours!—what smiles! But the worst of it is that the smiles for the most part are "set" and stereotyped—impressed upon the features by the polite hypocrisy of civilization, not the spontaneous expression of heartfelt joyousness or kindness.

A truce, however, to moralisings. Here comes something which is worth better attending to. See that elegant and even stately young lady on the splendid bay. Everybody sees and knows her—all, or almost all, the men smile at or nod to her. But very hardly any of her own sex bestow the slightest sign of recognition on her. Never mind; she can do without their countenance or goodwill. She has done without them and in spite of them. Shall we mention her name? No, not her real name; for that might pain the poor but honest people whose daughter she is. She has however, a nickname, by which she is well-known, and to which, when it suits her purpose or caprice, she does not hesitate to respond. That nickname is "Skittles," though for what reason the appellation was bestowed upon this

cynosure of Rotten-row, and most successful of West-end courtezans, we have not been able to ascertain. "Skittles" is the peculiar aversion of all the mothers and wives of Belgravia. The sins of all the young men of promise, and of many of the old ones, are laid to her charge. She is credited with having seduced no end of young aristocrats. No wonder, then, that all noble and fashionable mothers and wives should detest "Skittles." But if these mothers of the nobility hate her, their daughters make her amends by copying her—that is, so far as decency permits. Yes, it is a great fact, and worthy of serious consideration, that "Skittles," the farm labourer's daughter—"Skittles," the quondam barmaid at an Islington gin palace—"Skittles," the known paramour of unnumbered profligates, young and old—should divide with Eugenie, Empress of France, the glory of setting or dictating the form and quality of their costume, their gait, their manner, the mode of doing the hair, the smile, the address, and the amount of leg or bosom revealed to the public eye—to the daughters and sisters of the highest nobility in the land. All this "Skittles" does, and she knows she does it; and not unnaturally, she is very proud of her power to do it.

The source of this power is not to be found in "Skittles" personal attractions, though these are unquestionably of a very high order. There are hundreds and thousands of the women, who envy and imitate "Skittles," quite as beautiful as she. Indeed, many of them are much more so. What then, it will be asked, is the secret of "Skittles" success? Simply this, that, in addition to being handsome, she is natural. Yes, "Skittles" with all her faults, is the child of Nature—wild, wayward, and errant, but still obedient to the impulses of her own heart rather than to the dictates of fashion. On the other hand, "Skittles" Rotten-row compares her noble but unsuccessful rivals, are the mere puppets of convention—the pretty, smooth-faced dolls dressed, and moved in all things by

artificial rule. You have only to look at a sample of those high and mighty dames, who hate and envy "Skittles," in order to discern the cause of that syren's power. See those splendid carriages with their female occupants, young and old. The ladies lean, and lol, and smile as languidly as if there was no warmth in their blood, and no strength in their frames. After looking upon these seemingly heartless and bloodless women, the grace, the vigour, the frankness, and even the effrontery of "Skittles" is positively refreshing. This is the reason why "Skittles" rules the Row.

"Though scowling matrons champing steeds restrain,
She flouts propriety with flapping mane."

Pity that something of the naturalness of "Skittles" should not be combined with the purity of those who envy her triumphs. If this could be accomplished, Rotten-row, and other rows as well, would be replete with perfectly and permanently charming women. As it is, however, this and other marts of beauty continue to be glutted with unmarketable maidens, and virtue in order not to be utterly neglected and despised is under the degrading necessity of borrowing or stealing some of the peculiar airs and insignias of vice.

But from "Skittles" and envious aristocratic "mothers" and daughters it is pleasant to turn to the beauties of the imitative world which are seen and enjoyable at Rotten-row. There is the blue sky over our head, and the green grass under our feet, and there, too, is the sparkling river, rippled by the evening breeze, with the painted boats shooting hither and thither; and there are the stately mansions visible in the distance, and the full foliaged trees near at hand, and underneath one of these you may see a scarlet zone setting off a confiding maiden's waist. It is the stalwart arm of Jones, of the Foot Guards, encircling the well-developed person of Mary Jane, the housemaid, who, with her gallant admirer, unconsciously represent England and her treasures protected by her matchless soldiers.

Literature.

ORIGINAL TALES.

HAVE A WIFE, BUT RULE A WIFE.

CHAPTER III.—HOW THE "RULE SUCCEEDED."

WHEN Phillip Ros quitted the sumptuous chamber, where he still left his beautiful wife, he perfectly well knew what he had to do, what course to take, and he had already decided upon the step he was about to take.

Unsuspecting and frank in his own nature, up to this moment nothing had occurred to mar the tranquil current of his joys.

He loved his young wife with a fondness which makes men, of strong physical and mental formations, the mere Samsons of the Delilahs in whom they trust.

All the worse for Samson when Delilah calls herself his wife.

It was afternoon—clear, sunny, and calm. From the terrace which he now crossed, the great slumbering woods lay in their rich repose.

But of all this he took no note.

No heed of the splendid panorama, earth and

As he drew nearer, he naturally heard some of the words dropped in the conversation.

"You think she will resist then?"

"*Ma foi* resist!" repeated the Frenchman, with a shrug. "She is a woman, is she not?"

"Well!"

"If she were not a woman, she might—but being one you see—"

The Frenchman, in continuation, shrugged his shoulders still more significantly.

"You have given her a foretaste of what rank, wealth, and luxury can confer," pursued De Vulsse.

"*Pate*, I know nothing of the sex. If after that she can resist your advances—"

"You think so?" said the earl, to whom De Vulsse was speaking.

"Oh, I will stake my life on that."

"I doubt, monsieur, whether you know quite as much of the sex as you believe you do."

The voice which spoke was low, cold, and stern.

All started and turned round.

They beheld a man erect, tranquil, with a face of marble, and an eye of fire.

They beheld, in fact, Phillip Ros, the husband, who was to be the cloak of a foul shame, who was to be the dupe of a wicked artifice.

They beheld at a glance, too, that they had been

"My countrywomen have taught me some experience in these matters," began the other.

"What your countrywomen think or do, Monsieur Vulsse, is not the question—" interrupted Phillip, in his calm even manner and voice.

"Speak of what you know, sir, and welcome; but, of what you do not know, I advise you to be chary and discreet."

"But, monsieur, what does this tend to?"

"It tends to this. Our Englishwomen have some consideration for their husbands' honour!"

"Well, sir!"

"They have a sense of their own also. It is at least believed so, and held so."

"And what then?"

"They preserve it, sir—they preserve it. Say as much for your countrywomen, who have taught you, as you say so much."

"Bah! yes—or no—as the case may be." And the Frenchman began to pat the ground with his foot impatiently.

"Exactly as the case may be," repeated Phillip.

"Only it is quite possible to prove to you that the case is honoured."

"Well, sir, to pursue this, what more? You see I am engaged. What would you say farther?"

"Just this, Monsieur de Vulsse; you are a sorry scoundrel!"

"I think I helped you, sir, to your wishes," said the earl, a little coldly.

"To marry her—yes. I was grateful to you. You helped to mate her to me. I loved her the moment I saw her, whom, for my happiness or my misery, I shall love to the end of my life. I have a wife as I said—"

"Well, sir, and what then?"

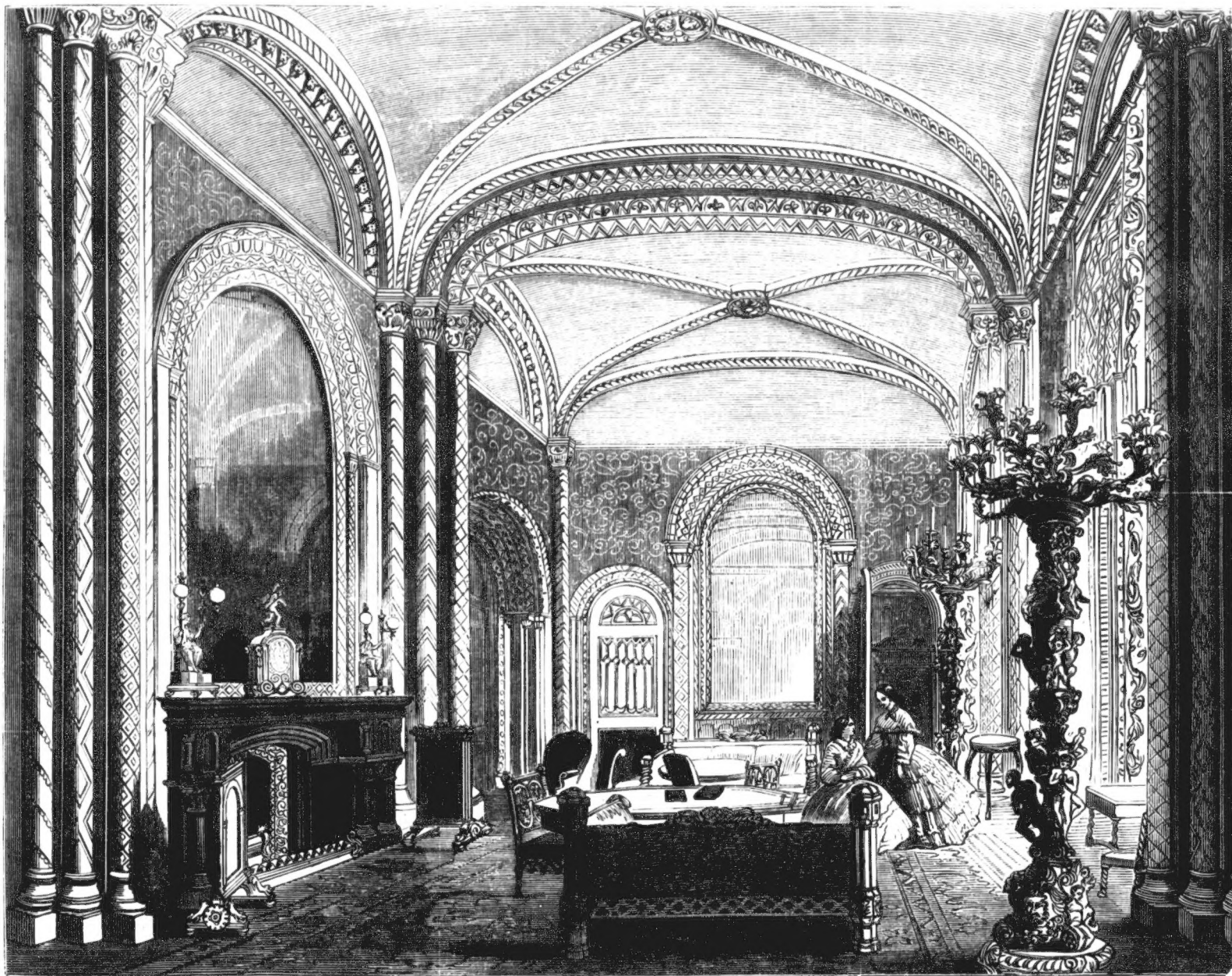
"This, my lord, that I know, too, *how to rule her to rule you*; aye, any, all who presume to come between her and myself; but my first business is with that base pander, that tiger, ape, that wretch who believes in the vices of women, and not in their virtues."

"With me?" screamed De Vulsse.

"Aye, with you. Now take your choice of weapons, sword or pistol. I made bold to borrow these toys, my lord," turning to the earl, as he cast them on the ground, and stood waiting the Frenchman's will.

"Monsieur, this is irregular, send your friend to wait upon me. You have no second!" said De Vulsse, who scarcely prepared for the turn the affairs were taking, and who found he had mistaken his man.

"Nor I; nor anyone shall wait upon you or for you, Monsieur De Vulsse. Now, if you do not add the crime of cowardice to the crime of



MRS. ROS'S BOUDOIR.

Nature, spread out before him. There was nothing for the eye, for his mind was elsewhere, and he hastened on.

We have omitted to notice one thing.

Under one arm, Phillip carried a pair of sheathed rapiers which he had taken down off the walls of the castle armoury, which exhibited a wonderful collection of weapons belonging to every period and age.

Beneath the other arm he carried a box.

This box had a look about it that was at once significant and sinister. It was in fact the earl's duelling-case.

At the end of the terrace he came to some steps, down which he descended, and hearing the sound of voices, and of laughter, entered into an alley of lofty trees on either side of him, which presently brought him into a lovely swarded circle, such, as in the courtly days, ladies and their admirers might have danced a minuet as though they were in an apartment.

There were here four men smoking their cigars and strolling at their ease.

Sir Harry with the earl, Sir Richard with the Frenchman, and now and then their laughter rose in a clatter upon the air.

Stern, pale, erect, looking very unlike the submissive secretary he had hitherto been, Phillip Ros stalked across the grass after them.

mistaken—all save Sir Richard, who had hitherto reserved his opinion, and now gave to Phillip Ros and his wife all the credit and the advantages of his doubt.

The swarthy face of the Frenchman became livid, and for the instant a sense of the direst dismay crept through the frame of the speaker. Seeing a man before him with two swords beneath one arm, with a box, which was not to be mistaken, under another; he also saw that he was compromised, and that, also, too far to go back.

Not being a coward, he reassured himself, and tranquilly said:—

"What do you mean by speaking to me thus, monsieur? I am not used to be spoken to in any such tone!"

"No matter for the tone," returned Phillip.

"What do you mean by defaming a woman—a woman who is not here to defend her reputation?"

"Oh! the matter is very inconsequential." And again De Vulsse shrugged his shoulders.

"Do not make any such mistake, monsieur. The matter is of the very greatest consequence."

"For seem to think so, at least," returned the Frenchman, having resumed his *sans-froid*, and wearing his ironical and scoffing smile.

"That is precisely the reason why I put the question to you."

The French mentor gave a start back as though he had received a bullet in his breast.

"You dare—"

"Silence!" said Phillip, in a voice that quelled the other. "No words, for in another moment my hand may be on your throat, and as I could break you across my knee, your chances would be but few."

The splendid *physique* of Phillip was, so to speak, an additional emphasis to his words. With one foot advanced forward, with his head thrown back, with his broad manly chest expanded, and with his large dark eyes flashing their full tide of haughty anger, he was simply the type of what is grand and heroic in the outward man.

"You are a scoundrel, sir—a base pander to your employer's wishes, and I grieve to know that I owe an obligation to one who had intended to requite me so shamefully."

"Mr. Ros," here broke in the earl, "I give you my word—I pledge you my honour—"

"Not yet, my lord," interrupted Phillip, coldly and quietly. "We will have the word and the honour presently."

"But pray allow me to explain," and the earl advanced towards him.

"My lord, Earl of Mountfort, stand back!" and Phillip waved him off. "I have a wife, as you know. She is very fair—"

slander, and of base conspiracy against the honour of a man who never wronged you, whom you do not even know, take your weapon and your ground!"

And pointing to the deadly instrument at his feet, Phillip smiled with a scornful serenity, which certainly eclipsed the cynical smile of the other.

"Faith!" said Sir Richard, "if matters must go thus, I'll be your second, Mr. Ros; and can't deny but that you are justified in the step you take."

"Thanks, sir, thanks!" was the short reply "but I wait, and, and I grow impatient—"

"But, good Heaven!" broke in the earl, at this moment, "can't this be arranged?"

"Arranged, my lord?" repeated Phillip, in a tone of reproof that made the earl blush.

"Well, I didn't mean that of course—"

"My lord, mean nothing, and at present stand apart, unless you are about to be Monsieur De Vulsse's second, to which I have not the slightest objection."

The earl was about to speak when Sir Harry interfered.

"It may not be *de requir* for his lordship to act so. If you don't object, I'll accept the duties."

"Do so, sir—do so," replied Phillip with an inimitable coolness. "I care not who his second

may be so, that he does not let another moment pass by idly."

Thus the reader may see that Phillip, who was otherwise very clever, was not good at making a pun.

He tried it, and the "inimitable" professor of this paper will see that he failed.

In the meantime Phillip had taken off his coat—had with wonderful *sang froid*—the man of no duels—turned up his shirt sleeves, had bound a handkerchief round his head for reasons that he had, and certain that De Vulsse would claim a duel with swords as the weapons.

He was not mistaken.

The Frenchman was an inimitable *maitre d'armes*. Most of them are. To our shame, be it said, we English know as much about fencing as we do about porridge, which I am glad to affirm that very few of us eat.

De Vulsse had selected his weapon. Phillip Ros had taken his. The seconds then took theirs in turn—measured their lengths, and restored them to their respective owners.

A pause followed at this stage of the proceedings.

De Vulsse took off his coat and faced his adversary.

"*Engarde, monsieur!*" said Phillip, taking his position with an *aplomb* which not a little disconcerted de Vulsse.

"Does this foggy islander understand *l'es-crire*?" he asked himself; but while he asked himself that question, and while he had thrown himself into his finest attitude, he found that he had to encounter the hand of a masteraided by a wrist of steel.

Any man while fencing, can have the chance of looking into his opponent's eye.

In the look, in the light of that eye, he knows all.

De Vulsse, therefore, *knew all*.

The grating of the steel as the two blades were grinding against each other made the lookers-on palpitate at the heart—who knows with what sensation?

The men were active, skilful, vigorous, and evidently understood the most difficult art that is to be acquired—the management of the small sword.

Like two intertwining snakes they seemed at times to twist the one around the other, and then to flash fury at each other like pieces of reddened iron, which they were, and anon to be so locked that not one man knew which blade would snap and fly away.

The steel was of too pliant and excellent a quality for that.

De Vulsse was already bleeding from three wounds which Phillip had skilfully inflicted on him.

"Can we not interpose in this?" exclaimed the earl full of alarm for the scandal and the opprobrium that might rest on his head by implication.

A momentary pause had occurred, and he thus took the opportunity to speak.

"No," said Phillip, "I am going to kill him, or he shall kill me, that is all, and now—"

"But this is murder—"

"How can that be, when you don't know who is slain, and when chances of life and death are equal?"

Phillip put the question with logical phlegm and calmness.

"Why then—"

"Why then—*Engarde monsieur*, and this time, you hound, and believer in the *Erotic* love of women—I'll kill you—I, who believe woman to be a saint, and whom you believe to be a *Succubus*."

The cold drops of a death-dew were rolling off the Frenchman's face. The cheeks were leaden, the figure more erect, but with all his faults he was brave, and death had no especial terrors to a man whose creed was in *De Dretelot*, and who believing in nothing—believed in to-morrow—but believed in no further future!

The grating of the swords again clashed upon the ear.

"*Engarde!*" this time said De Vulsse.

"*A riposte—carte—blanc!*" and so on, followed rapidly.

It was Phillip who spoke.

"It is over," he added, as he wiped the blood of the writhing man, who was dying of a wound he had received right through the left lung, and at whose back the bitter steel was seen to issue.

"It seems to me, that as you associate this fatal business with me," began the earl, "you would desire satisfaction of me too," and he now stood like a challenger before Phillip.

"That matter was hinted at when your lordship interfered just now."

"And how?"

"I am at your service."

"You insist upon it?"

"Plague, and the devil!" here broke in Sir Richard, "but this is going a little too far, and I do not intend to let it go further," and seizing the two swords he snatched both in twain.

The duel was over, and the red gleams of the decaying sun were not sadder than the blood which modern medicine had bled the Vulsse, who lay dead upon the grass—a spectacle which made the lookers-on shudder, except Phillip, who, having put on his coat, strode away towards the castle.

All this which has been detailed had not been quite overlooked, however, great the privacy which might be supposed to surround it.

One of the attendants at Mount St. Castle had seen something of what had been passing, and was not slow in conveying the news, with the requisite form of exaggeration, to those within.

Consequently all within was in a state of corresponding commotion.

The news was carried in at once to Phillip Ros's wife.

The chamber in which the young wife now sat might indeed have been, in regard to its profuse appointments, not only the fitting boudoir or sleeping apartment of a countess, but of a queen.

Its carved and inlaid pilasters, its gilding and lavish ornamenting, its massive canopied bed of ivory and silver, and its tinted windows, all

spoke wealth, profusion, and infinite expenditure of money, crowned by good taste.

And yet it was only the wife of a poor secretary who now occupied it.

The wife of a secretary who might become an earl's mistress, and share an equal state with that earl's wife!

Was this to be so?

While cogitating (who knows about what), a crinolined abigail entered, and startled her out of her reverie.

Something in the woman's face awoke her fears. There was a fear and trembling about her ghastly look, that at once told her something to shudder at had occurred.

"For God's sake, what's the matter?" cried Amelia, leaping to her feet.

"Oh, ma'am! my master—"

"What of him?"

"The earl—"

"Killed him?" cried Amelia, whose perceptions showed the way into which these matters might turn.

"Oh yes, he's dead!"

"Dead! my husband dead?" exclaimed Amelia, in terror.

"No, ma'am."

"The earl, then?"

"No; leastways, it's hoped not."

"Who, and speak quickly?" cried the woman, this time alarmed to reality.

"It's that Frenchman, ma'am."

"De Vulsse?"

"Yes, and they say—oh my gracious—it's your husband has killed him."

"Oh heaven!"

Then the woman felt remorse.

She felt that she had on her soul, to expiate by a life of true devotion, the blood that had been shed by her husband for her.

The scene between the wife and husband we have not space to enter into.

The earl learned a lesson he had not known before.

He also knew, as many have done before, the heavy price we have to pay for knowledge.

The rest of this remains in the reader's hands to complete at his living or his leisure.

And, I think, I can find his moral.

MARIAN.

How frail is that and worthless as all these feelings which look not in the first instance for the material perfection of its object! It is only in virtue we desire no variety: in contemplating it we can trace the hand of the creator, and at eve's glances discover some new perfection; but personal beauty, what is it?—a thing of mere opinion and a loss all its loveliness, when separated from the noble qualities which elevate the soul, and ennobles it to the observer; but when we can see mental and material beauty united, when we can look on a fair face merely as an index to a fine heart, oh, this is perfection! To adore it is natural, and we honour the Creator, in cherishing the being, thus formed by His hands; and there was one whom I fondly thought was all this, and I choose her from all the rest, to live in my bosom, to share my pleasures, and to a minister consolation in the hour of adversity.

The village of D—, in the county of K—, has been my place of residence for nearly thirty years; it was there the ties of husband and father were formed, and it was there those ties were broken. I am alone in the world, my peace of mind, and all that energy of character necessary for the success of my worldly speculations, destroyed, and deserted by her whom I imagined as fond and virtuous as she was beautiful—whose smiles should have cheered me, who all else was gloomy, and who should have sustained my drooping heart, when all beside had forsaken me. Enough of this—the smile of an all-gracious God will efface the remembrance of all earthly sorrows and console a heart which, sometimes unguided by the dictates of religion, still clings around the sepulchre of happiness.

Returning to my solitary home, I paid my usual visit to one of my poorer neighbours: I entered the neat dwelling; my old friend, Dame Langdon, sat industriously knitting near the door, and her daughter Marian, as usual, with her pale cheek resting on her hand, and her child on her knees, whose little fingers entwined her dark glossy curls, and sometimes his attention caught by the glitter of the wedding-ring that decorated the hand which supported him; but as the lip of the mother passed the rosy cheek of her boy, I observed her eyes looked beyond it with the fixed gaze of vacancy, or filled with tears, which she had but too much reason to shed. Poor Marian! four years since she became the wife of an amiable young man, whose love for her overcame his obedience to his father, and, quitting the haunts of comparative luxury, was contented to work for the means to support a wife, amply rewarded for all his exertions by her smiles and affection, and only anxious to see her happy; yet they had a lurking cause of uneasiness, the blessing of a father on their marriage was still withheld. At length, to complete their felicity which on this account they had always thought imperishable, a letter arrived, dated from the adjoining village, requesting an affectionate son to hasten to a father, who would not hesitate now to pronounce his forgiveness.

"I have met with an accident," he said, "and I may never recover from the illness it has occasioned, should I die, it will be consoling to breathe my last in the arms of a son whose worth I never properly valued, and from whom I have long been estranged. Come, at once to-day, William, for I have much to say, but to-morrow you shall introduce your Marian, whom I am prepared to love as a daughter, and who is as the wife of my son."

"I must be gone in haste, Marian," said William, as he drew down the letter and read of the death of his father. "I think," continued he, as he looked around him, "my shortest way will be alone the cliff."

"Do not come home that way," said Marian, catching William, "Consider William, there is no

moon to light you on your return, and if your foot should slip—oh! I can't bear to think of it."

"And is it Marian my Marian?" interrupted William, as he looked tenderly on her, and thought her face never had appeared to him so beautiful, as when anxiety for his safety was so eloquently expressed there, "and it is my wife," he said, "who, by infecting me with these idle fears, would keep me from my dear little home an hour longer than necessary? Nay, why say'st thou, Marian? Late and dark has it been sometimes when I have been far from you, and you would beguile the hour of my absence with a song, and think of nothing but my return; and to-night I shall return, my love, enriched with a father's blessing, and then we shall be perfectly happy."

"But for me," said Marian, sorrowfully, "you would never have forfeited his blessing, nor have had his forgiveness to ask."

The tone of tenderness in which her remark was uttered, checked her; he kissed off the tears which glittered on her pale cheek, and, whispering a parting benediction on his sleeping boy, he gently bent his way toward the steep and rugged cliff leading to R—y. Marian tearfully looked after him, and hastened to the gate of her little garden, that she might catch one more glance of his retreating figure. She saw him standing on a narrow elevated part of the cliff overlooking the beach, apparently anxious to take a last view of a spot which contained all that was most dear to him; he perceived her, and waved his handkerchief towards her; she returned the signal, implored heaven to watch over him, and wished he was already at the end of his journey, that he might think of her no more. At this moment a gun suddenly fired, caused the object of her affectionate anxiety to start, she saw him turn hastily round, and oh, horror! saw him vainly endeavouring to recover the footing he had lost! but the earth gave way beneath his feet, the wretched wife heard one piercing shriek of despair, and beheld her husband dashed from the tremendous height! She pressed her hand on her heart and attempted to rush towards the cliff, "We perish together!" she cried, but her strength failed, and for a moment she lost the recollection of that scene in temporary insensibility.

Since that dreadful hour it is only the endearing little word "father," pronounced by the soft voice of her child, which has the power of rousing her from the melancholy apathy into which she has fallen—it is then confused recollections of what she once was, when affection made every day dreams of her youth rush on her memory, tears will come to her relief, and as she looks towards the fatal cliff, or watching the waves dashing unconsciously near the spot where all her happiness was destroyed, she sinks on her knees, and in an unconnected prayer, entreates the Father of Mercies to protect her child, and prays, earnestly prays, that in his own good time her spirit may enter into its rest.

NEW MUSIC.

London: WILLIAMS & Co., Tottenham Court-road.

The Great Fair of all Nations. Dedicated to the Commissioners of the International Exhibition. A lively and sparkling set of quadrilles, likely to become popular.

Fairy Footsteps. By Langton Williams, a light and brilliant Mazurka, an original composition of great merit.

London: ROBERT COCKS & Co., New Burlington-street, West.

The Dandycy Quadrilles. By Stephen Glover. Contains most popular English and American airs.

Varieties.

WATERPROOFING CLOTH.—Imbue the cloth on the wrong side with a solution of isinglass, alum and soap, by means of a brush. When dry, brush on the wrong side against the grain, and then go over with a brush dipped in water. This makes the cloth impervious (for a long time) to water, but not to oil.

TO PRESERVE AND BEAUTIFY TEETH.—To preserve and beautify teeth and arrest decay, prepare the following dentifrice: Dissolve two ounces of borax in three pints of boiling water; before it is quite cold add one teaspoonful of spirits of camphor. Bottle the mixture for use. Add one wine-glassful of the solution to half a pint of tepid water, and wash out your mouth with a tooth-brush dipped in the mixture.

CONDENSED AIR.—The condensed air of a crowded room gives a deposit which, if allowed to remain a few days, forms a cool, thick, glutinous mass, having a strong odour of ammonia. If evaporated by a water-bath, it is seen to undergo a remarkable change. First of all, it is converted into a vegetable growth, and this is followed by the production of multitudes of animalcules; a decisive proof that it is not a simple or inert matter, otherwise it could not nourish organic forms.

SOLUBLE GLASS.—What is called "soluble glass" is composed of fifteen equal parts powdered quartz, or broken glass, ten of potash, and one of chlorure. These are melted together, washed in cold water, and then boiled with five parts of water, in which it entirely dissolves. It is then applied to wood, or any other required substance. As it cures it gelatinizes, and does up later a transparent colourless glass on any surface to which it has been applied. It renders wood nearly fire-proof.

AN EGG IS A BARRICADE.—To accomplish this seemingly incredible act requires the following preparation:—You must take an egg and soak it in vinegar, and in process of time it will become quite soft so that it may be extended lengthwise without breaking; then pour it into a bowl of a small bottle, and on pouring cold water upon it, it will assume its former form and hardness. This is really a curiosity, and holds the same character in the world of bird and beast as it is in the world of man.

Edut and Edisdom.

The first apple was eaten by the first pair.
THE HARD NEWS—OF WAR.—Shot and shell.

A BLACK DRAGON.—Raising central and soldiers in Dixie's Land.

WHAT sewing-machine do the members of a choir resemble?—Singer's.

ACQUAINTANCE must be an unprincipled set of fellows because they try to *poison* each other!

The young lady who gives herself away loses her self-possession.

WOULD never truly command till they have given their promise to obey.

HEIGHT OF SYMPATHY.—When a crew of whaler cry because they see whales *blubber*.

WHAT is the worst article in market to speculate in?—Tea, of course, for it is always sure to go to pot.

It sleep flies from you, don't go in hot pursuit of it; lie still, and it will probably come and kiss you.

It may perhaps be thought difficult to decide which is the more destructive—the mortar in the battle-field or the mortar in the drug-shop.

NO DOUBT OF IT.—A Highland Yankee being asked, "What can best fortify men for a fight?" replied, "Dinner-heat."

ONE OF ARABELLA'S.—How different are you soldiers from us," said Arabella to the captain; "with us a conquest only begins, while with you it ends the engagement."

ADAPTED FROM THE FRENCH.—Why should one French blanket be as good as two of any other kind?—Because the French word *blankette* signifies a pair.

WHAT IT MEANS.—The *London Times* says our independence is all "stuff." *Century* agrees with the *Great Blunderer*; it is the kind of stuff John Bull needs most—Bread Stuff.

A HARD CASE.—Adolphus, (giving the cradle containing his infant a vindictive kick): "Thunder! to think there's that girl worth a quarter of a million, fallen over head and ears in love with me, and here am I a married man."

THIS IS TRUTH.—At no moment of difficulty does a husband, knowing his wife's hopelessness, draw so close to his wife's side for comfort and assistance as when he wants a button sewn on his shirt collar.

AN editor out West prints all his marvellous accounts of murders, clonements, and robberies on India rubber paper, so that his reader will be able to stretch these stories to any length that pleases them.

A USEFUL INVENTION.—The last Yankee invention is a new-fashioned travelling-bag, in which a man can stow himself upon a journey, and travel without the knowledge of such sponges as dan a man for his fare. He places himself in the bag, and taking it in his hand, passes for baggage.

NOT EVENING DEW.—Why, Uncle Dewlittle, how dew you dew? Come in and rest a little while, dew. How dew's Aunt Hannah dew, and what is she dewing? Dew tell us all the new. Come, dew sit up to the table and dew as we dew; dew help yourself, and dew talk some, and dew not make me dew all the talking, for I shant dew it. Now dew something, dew."

FISH FOR CABBAGES.—Whenever a carp comes into Boston harbour is it not a carp-enter? Is not every man who joins the army a joiner? We ax plane questions, so put them on file, and don't chisel us out of the answers. He adze to his misery who would rule them out, and only compasses his own ruin by not acting on the square. So says the scribbler.

LIGOR IN THE ARMY.—Among the expedients adopted by sutlers to sell central and liquor to soldiers, one is exceedingly novel. They drop a couple of peaches into a bottle of whisky, and sell the compound for "pickled peaches." A more improved expedient is to have a tin can, made and painted like a hyacinth-bell, and labelled "The Boston Companion."

WHAT AFTER IS MANY PEOPLE.—Whisky whisks them into prison; Brandy brands their noses; Wine causes them to whine the morning after; Imbibing: Punch often causes them unfriendly punches; Ale drinkers are always *ailing*; Champagne produces red pain; modern (tin) Slings have *slung* more than the slings of old; Rum causes them to run ram-ran-ions; Lager beer brings them to the sexton's door at last.

RAVING DISORDER.—"Gentlemen of the jury," said a Western lawyer, "I don't mean to insinuate that this man is a vicious person, but I will bet five to one that if you all had but a good trip with a new three-cent piece, and played within four miles of him, he might, you would catch his soul. I would not—this is a long notice of the jury. I would not trust him in a room with a million of men, and the angel Gabriel to guard him."

THE CASE OF ARABIAN.—A New York Zouave recently took a horse belonging to a hotel, and ever since has been more or less a thief. A day or two since the owner of the animal presented him to the Zouave and demanded the horse. "I have not in the oath of allegiance," said he, "and the horse is mine." "You may have taken the oath," answered the New Yorker, "but the horse has not, and I shall keep him till he does!" There was a reply to this, and the Zouave kept the horse.

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